

spare Rib

woman's news magazine march '73

1523/344 ✓ 17½p



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*Simpler than simplicity, quick clothes pattern/ Evelyn Williams, wax figures in her life by Angela Carter
China, the woman's revolution/ Bigamy, the more the merrier?/ News: Whose family allowance?*

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exposition of women's subjection.'*

*'Claire Bloom gives a thrilling performance — possibly the
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Clive Barnes.



contents

9

Cover photograph by Roger Perry

Features

- 5 But now I will borrow a book from a eunuch — poems by Anna Wickham. With an introduction by Naomi Lewis.
6 To Love, Honour and Obey, again and again and again — Sam Napier on the art of bigamy.
8 Red Women — Rose Buxton visited China last summer and gives us her impressions of how the Cultural Revolution has affected the lives of Chinese women.
25 Wax Ambiguities — Angela Carter interviews Evelyn Williams, sculptor.
32 Stitchy Fingers — simple hints for the non-expert dress maker by Ellie Sampson AND, special to Spare Rib, patterns that you can make up straight from the diagrams designed by Ann Caddle, on p.34.

Fiction

- 12 Death by Linda Schor

Regulars

- 16 Pass the Parcel — Patt Barr continuing her environment series with a discussion of packaging problems.
27 Reviews — Michelene Wandor reviews books on women's liberation, including Ann Oakley's Sex Gender and Society, and Shulamith Firestone's The Dialectic of Sex. Rosie Parker talks to Su Braden, Art Editor of Time Out, about how she beats the system and Sara Maitland reviews the Gabrielle Russier book.
36 Scrapends and Oddments — Caro Hingston with ideas for making a little go a long, long way.
39 Spare Parts by Stephanie Gilbert

News

- 17 The Implications for women of the government's 'Proposals for a tax credit system' by Selma James
Raiza Paltnik — the story of her release from Russia and of the '35's' who helped get her out by Karen Gelbart

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From a woman we would have supported all the way.

and more to come

a crash course!

Next month: Old Mistress — do you still think there was no female Leonardo. Extracts from the American best seller 'Women and Madness'

women in other countries — next issue Angela Carter on Japan.

can you die while there's dinner to cook or kids to collect from school?

— you could cook there with what's in your cupboard

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Dear Spare Rib,
I was introduced to Spare Rib some months ago by a friend, and find it interesting and original, particularly the article by Carol Dix in issue no.7. I married at 30 and have no children so far by our own choice and will probably continue this way, I am now 38.

I like children and take them out occasionally or have them visit me and its not long before we are on affectionate terms. But to one who finds life interesting and also the fact that time seems to fly by for me, I don't suppose I have had time to feel the need for children to fill the void some people feel in their life. Or to possess the much talked about maternal instinct if it exists.

There seems to be a paradox with many women I have met as a temp., working for an agency; many said they were not fond of children, and would rather not have had any, like me, although they were mothers, and said they had always wanted babies before reality hit them.

I met others who were quite happy with their decision not to have any, and were also more aware of themselves as individuals and the world as a whole, and had done a fair amount of reading, informative stuff not the dream world some magazines churned out years ago, and which I know many girls did all they could to imitate, thinking they had to get a boyfriend and husband etc., and all that went with it, never stopping to think 'Who am I' 'What do I need' 'What don't I need'.

This attitude is still around amongst some girls today and many older women think a husband is all a girl should aim for today, even though they are having a rough time with their own.

I tend to talk to young girls about all the things they can do before they get married and I think it gives them a new train of thought, when they see it's possible to make ones own decisions and not do things to please mums, aunts, who worry what the neighbours will make of one. (Which was the case when I was a teenager).

Yours truly
Mrs. June Barber.
88, (Webheath Estate)
Palmerston Road, Kilburn. NW6

Dear Spare Rib
I thought you might be interested to hear that I found issue no.6 invaluable recently. I was asked to join an all-woman

panel in discussing anti-discrimination legislation, the recent Labour Party Green Paper, and kindred topics in a live programme put out by Radio Bristol last Sunday morning. Called 'Target' it was an hour-long programme starting with some recorded interviews, then a studio discussion in which I took part together with one of the four women barristers who actually practise law in Bristol, and a trade unionist called Jessie Stephens who was the first woman President of the Bristol Trades Council. After a fairly brief discussion, telephone lines were made available to the public so that they could put their points, and the interest was so intense that they let the programme overrun by half an hour. In fact the (male) station manager said it was the best Target programme they'd ever had. We had several belligerent women ringing in of course to say 'What a load of rubbish', 'of course men are superior' etc which was rather sad, as was the call from a timid-sounding soul who whispered her support for our views and said she had had to wait till her husband had left the house before she dared to ring.

Anyway, I just thought I'd let you know that Michael Fogarty's 'Equal Pay, equal opportunity' helped me to sound a lot more authoritative than I felt!

Very best wishes,
Denise Watson
2 Elton Rd
Bristol BS7 8DA

Dear Spare Rib

At last I found some copies of your magazine on sale on a news stand very casually, having previously scoured my area for a copy, without success. I would like to say how much I welcome the tone of the December issue which was witty, pertinent and free of trivia without sacrificing recipe pages! and mercifully free of insulting kinds of advertisements. Good luck and keep it up. Looking forward to your next issue.

Yours faithfully
Mrs. R. Lewis. (ATC Dip AD.)
72 Shaftesbury Road
London. N19 4QN

Dear Editress,
Do you mind if I blow the lid off Barbara Seaman's Lib. Org. article? It was nothing but an excuse to get the words clitoris, organ, foreplay, 'knock-out-orgasm' (or haymaker, as it's known in the trade), and

arousal into bold-type captions. Your sex-minded social researcher, determined to leave no vagina unturned, made bold, sweeping, fist-clenched policy statements which would have graced any radical feminist's soapbox. That wouldn't have been so bad, except that your photographer, who presumably didn't read the article, garnished the dish with girly pics which dumped pretty girls right back into their brain-free sex object role. The fact that there weren't any nipples didn't detract from this. To print photos like that with an article condemning Playboy's 'airbrushed and siliconed playmates' smacked just a little of paradox.

I must congratulate Miss Seaman on avoiding the Nova-esque (or would you prefer Nova-lic?) style when describing her suburban anti-heroines. Here it was simple Mary and Anne, neither of whom were stuck with successful advertising exec. husbands, angelic children and an overdose of mathematically perfect orgasms. But I digress.

The article went from the boringly anatomical to the extreme of breath-catching banality. I never expected to see 'some men make short, rapid, jerky thrusts and other men make long, deeper thrusts' in anything except a Victorian medical dictionary.

The fact of the matter is that articles on the still semi-taboo subject of sex make good copy, and you and your kind will continue to print them until a wearying public cries out for peace. The whole article was more chauvinistic than anything I can ever remember a man writing or saying. How do you think men who work hard at their part in a love-relationship feel when you tell them to 'learn to seek and receive signals from the women they love'. It's only when you know and understand those signals that you can even begin to consider yourself truly in love. I think really liberated females aren't complaining about the brutes amongst men. They've either discovered masturbation like your feminist friend, or they have an understanding guy or girl to fulfil them. They really aren't hard to find.

Yours for ever
Ken Wilson
Flat Three,
262 Earls Court Road,
London SW5.

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Gift to a jade

*For love be offered me his perfect world,
This world was so constricted and so small
It had no sort of loveliness at all,
And I flung back the little silly ball.
At that cold moralist I hotly hurled
His perfect, pure, symmetrical, small world*

Domestic economy

*I will have few cooking-pots,
They shall be bright,
They shall reflect to blinding
God's straight light.
I will have four garments,
They shall be clean,
My service shall be good,
Though my diet be mean.
Then I shall have excess to give to the poor,
And right to counsel beggars at my door.*

Soul's liberty

*He who has lost soul's liberty
Concerns himself for ever with his property,
As, when the folk have lost both dance and song,
Women clean useless pots the whole day long.*

*Thank God for war and fire
To burn the silly objects of desire,
That, from the ruin of a church thrown down,
We see God clear and high above the town.*

Jane and a dilemma

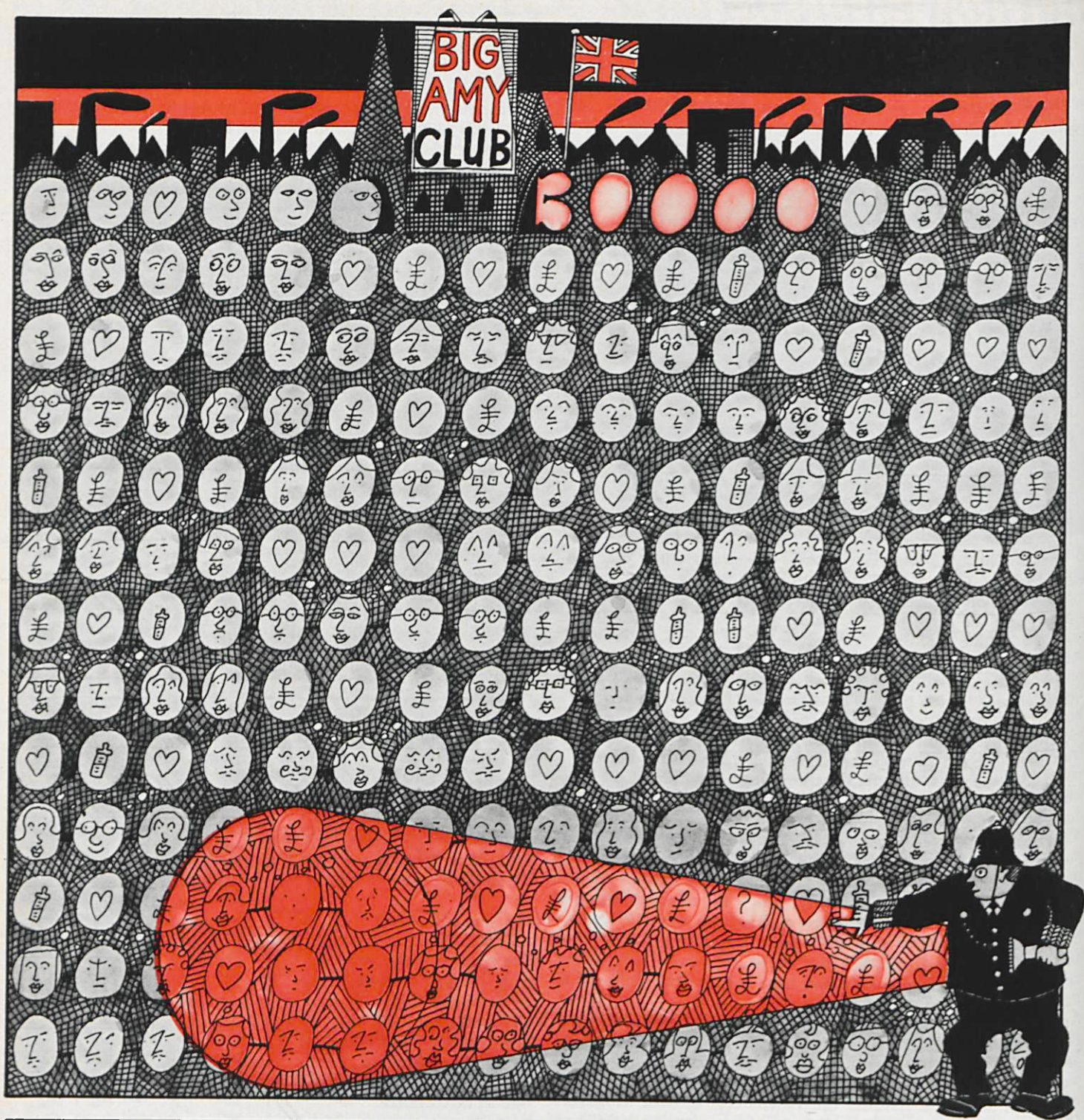
*The gentleman I married
Says, I ruined his intelligence
By marrying him.
The gentleman I did not marry
Says, I ruined his intelligence
By not marrying him.
I wonder if either of these gentlemen
Had an intelligence!
I wonder if marriage
Is an affair of the intelligence.
But now, I will borrow a book from a eunuch.
I begin to be interested
In my own intelligence.*

Friend Cato

*When the master sits at ease
He joys in generalities,
In apborisms concerning all things human,
But most of all concerning woman.
Saying, 'Women are this or that . . .
Woman is round, or high, or square, or flat.'*

*Sir, a shepherd knows his sheep apart,
And mothers know young babes by heart.
To taste no little shade of difference
Is sign of undiscerning sense.
Cato, in pity, hear our just demur:
Man, to be critic, must be connoisseur.*

Selected poems by Anna Wickham Chatto & Windus Ltd £1.25



Every year in Britain hundreds of men, and a few women too, walk up the aisle or into the registry office for what may be their 2nd, 3rd or 4th marriage. Fair enough, but these people have never divorced their previous partner. In fact, they've probably gone to great lengths to marry again — changing names, moving to the other end of the country — after walking out on their last marriage, usually without leaving a trace, causing great misery and worry to their one-time better half. It seems strange that people still bother to actually get married, and run the risk of being caught (bigamy is considered a serious offence), when they could live together, sharing the same name, with their neighbours none the wiser. Strange, too, that people who, judging from their first try, presumably can't face the responsibility of marriage and kids will happily plunge into another similar situation. SAM NAPIER, who is not a bigamist, looks at some recent cases of bigamy.

To Love, Honour, and Obey again, and again and again and again and again and again and again

Mr Justice Bridge who sentenced him said 'In 1972 the status of marriage may be much depreciated but bigamy is still a serious offence'.

In Britain to-day thousands of 'married' men and women live in constant terror of meeting an old friend or a mysterious phone call. They dread the unusual knock at the front door or one partner talking while asleep.

In November 1970 Robert Pounder's wife disappeared. Tongues wagged and the police searched houses and dug over the husband's garden searching for her. Then, in May 1971, Pounder passed by his wife in a Newcastle on Tyne street. He took her to the police headquarters to confirm she was alive. After this he lost touch with her again.

Next a relative informed the police that Mrs Pounder had gone through a wedding ceremony on March 27, 1971 in which she described herself as Dorothy Carr, a widow.

When confronted with this Mrs Pounder, who had left her husband and three children and gone through a wedding ceremony with a twice widowed, 74 year old miner said: 'Now I've found real happiness. Whatever happens we shall stay together for the rest of our lives'.

In 1967 an attractive nursing sister, Jeanette Burns married a £2000 a year Customs officer called Robert Robertson. But her new husband couldn't join her on their honeymoon in the romantic Canary Islands. For two weeks she sighed for her husband who told her he had to remain in Britain nursing his injured father. When she returned to Britain on Christmas Eve she went to her 'husband's' home. There the door was opened by a little boy who called out: 'Mummy, there's a woman here to see daddy'.

Later her bigamous husband, who had been married more than ten years, was fined £200 for the offence.

Some girls have narrow shaves. Gloria Sheridan owes her escape from a bigamous marriage to a sharp eyed vicar. He was the Rev Kenneth Boyce of St Agnes Church, Reddish, Manchester who became suspicious when the handsome prospective bridegroom John Howard told him he was 29.

In the vicar's opinion Howard was much older so he began making inquiries. It turned out that Howard was really 39, but he was also already married and the father of eight children from a previous union.

The vicar told 18 year old Gloria and Howard, when taxed, commented: 'It was just a joke I started when I got drunk—then the whole thing got out of hand.'

The marriage plans between 69 year old Jack Bean and Margaret Shrubsole, a 17 year old Kent girl, made interesting reading. But a lady whose attention was really caught by the news was a 64 year old cleaner—Lily Bean—whom Jack had married 27 years before.

She had been searching for her husband for 15 years. When 17 year old Margaret heard the news she called the whole thing off.

Lawyers divide bigamists into three categories. There are the professionals who marry to get their hands on a woman's money. Then there are those who contract a bigamous marriage to legitimise children. And there are those who marry many times—just for love.

Often the offence comes to light by accident. As when newly wed May Thorburn wanted to let her mother-in-law know about her marriage. The 18 year old bride wrote to a Mrs Thorburn at an address in Scotland telling her she had married her son.

She was shocked to discover that the lady in Scotland wasn't her husband's mother—but his lawful wife.

When in 1963 the handsome Dr Peter Ellis was sent to prison for 12 months at the Newcastle Assizes, the two women in his life were in tears. One was his wife and the mother of his three children. The other, the nurse he had subsequently married at a church ceremony attended by 50 guests. Some of the stories behind the bigamy offences are heart-breaking.

In one instance a young girl typed 1000 love letters in Braille to an ex-officer who bigamously married her.

One man who got into debt through gambling began to steal from his employers. Then when the police became interested he faked his suicide leaving behind a note and a bundle of clothes on Beachy Head.

But Anthony Angel hadn't died. When the police caught up with him nine months later, he had changed his name and bigamously married.

Bigamy is a crime in many ways peculiar to Britain. Our laws make it easy. And there's little point in making the penalties for it stiffer—only a small proportion of bigamists ever reach court.

For at least 30,000 Britons, reading this will cause their hearts to skip a beat. While their neighbours believe them to be happily married—their marriages are phoney. At least one partner in the respectable household is a criminal—a bigamist. And more often than not, it is the man.

Earlier this month Andy Galbraith—a 31 year old hotel porter from Airth in Stirlingshire—was jailed for 18 months for bigamy. It was his second such offence.

And the record showed that in 12 years Andy had been up the aisle with five brides. The 19 year old girl Mary Ferguson whom he 'married' last January has said she will be waiting for him when the jail gates open.

Christopher Buck, a handsome 28 year old van driver, received a two year jail sentence last March when it became clear to the court that he had married four wives in seven years. And three of his four 'wives' were called Irene.

In 1949 the *People's Republic of China* was founded. Under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party the People's Liberation Army and the peasant militias had fought alternately the Japanese and Chiang Kai Shek. This victory they regarded as only the start of a long struggle to build a socialist nation from the ruin that imperialism and civil war had made of their country. Poverty was not the only legacy of exploitation: people's ideas reflect the nature of the society in which they live, and cannot be changed over night. Ideas of each person for himself and of profiting at the expense of other people, if allowed full rein might lead to a reversion to capitalism, as had happened in the Soviet Union, according to the Chinese analysis.

During the 60's a man named Liu Shao Chi gained predominance in the party, and his ideas found a response among certain people. The profit motive reared its ugly head. Material incentives were introduced, wage differentials were increased, managers and technicians became divorced from the workers in the factories, the peasants in the fields: they stifled their initiative and looked down on them. The response of the masses of the people to this was *The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution*, a political revolution as important as Liberation itself. Chairman Mao encouraged them 'to bombard the headquarters', by which he meant criticise those in authority, don't take anything on trust just because it comes from someone higher up.

Rose Buxton visited China in August 1972, one of a group of 20, all members of the Society for Anglo Chinese Understanding. During her stay she visited factories, communes, schools, hospitals, clinics and Neighbourhood Revolutionary Committees — a crash course in the fabric of Chinese Society. Unfortunately all her films, and those of the other members of the group, were taken from them by the Outer

Mongolian Border Guards, while they were going home on the Trans Siberian Railway. They were never sent back, so all the pictures included with this article are courtesy of China Reconstructs.

C H I N A

Rose Buxton



Our days in Shanghai were wet and wind-torn. Trees, planted all over the cities in China, had been lashed to concrete posts in the last twelve hours thanks to a warning from the meteorological office that a typhoon was on its way. The people who had done this task had been mobilised by their 'Neighbourhood Revolutionary Committees' (the lowest formal level of municipal organisation). When we visited Pungpo Workers New Residential Area we met the chair woman of its all-women Revolutionary Committee, Comrade HE. Although she'd been up till 4 o'clock that morning, warning people to fasten their doors and windows against the on-coming storm she was full of energy, a short plump woman who burst into chuckles after each thing she told us about her work. Then she tucked my arm in hers and with four other women from the group and

she promptly tried to stop Comrade Liu from translating for us.

Later, back at the meeting room of the Neighbourhood Revolutionary Committee Comrade He told us about her life before Liberation. She couldn't laugh, although she didn't cry, as I did when I heard her story. Her father had died when she was three, and as a result her mother was unable to support the family: she was forced to sell her eldest daughter to a rich family as a child bride. The eldest son went to work in a capitalist-owned factory at the age of 14, while the youngest son she sent to live with an uncle. When he died of starvation in the same month as the child-bride died through lack of medical care, her mother tried to drown herself three times.

The bitterness of the old society marked everyone: and ideas such as 'a woman's place is in the

gone out to work before, now get together in small workshops on the estate which they own collectively. A woman working in one such workshop which makes the leather uppers for shoes, told us that she preferred this to working in a state factory (which 2/3 of the married women on the estate do) because this way she sees more of the children. She gave us a description of her typical day: up at 6 o'clock, off to shop in the vegetable market, breakfast, and then off to work from 7 till 11. She takes a 1½ hour break for lunch, her sons, both at middle school, helping her with the cooking and then goes back to work from 1.30 to 4.30. Three times a week she and the other women in the workshop have study sessions discussing their work and the problems they face in the light of works by Mao Tse Tung, Marx, Engels and Lenin.

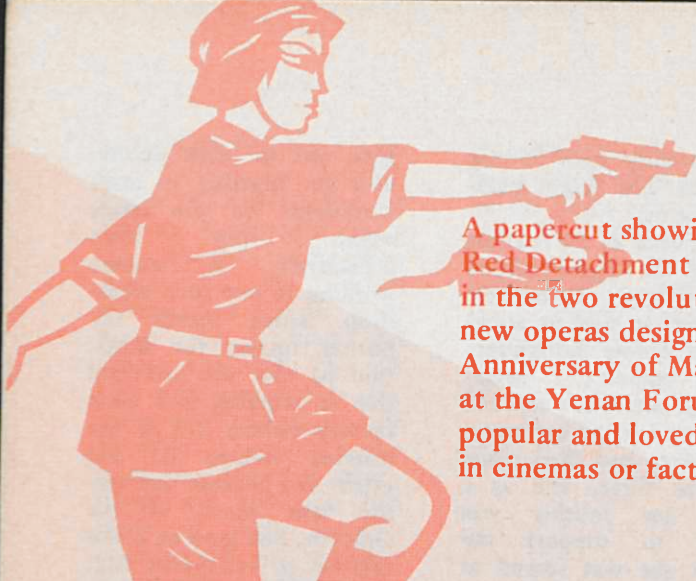
China is changing so rapidly that the lives of the generation born since Liberation are very different from those of their middle-aged parents. The 2 grown-up children of the woman in the leather-uppers production unit now work on a commune, where they may live for the rest of their lives. Of Comrade He's three children the eldest girl studies at the Foreign Languages Institute in Shanghai, while the other is still at middle school, where the son has just left. It seems to me unlikely that the young women we saw operating the cranes to lift heavy pieces of machinery in the Shanghai Heavy Machine Tool Factory will ever return to the home as full-time housewives. And they won't have to, because complete child-care facilities, an essential physical precondition for women to leave the home and play a fuller role in the outside world are available. Women in industry get 56 days maternity leave (76 for complications at childbirth—or twins—!) on full pay. When they return to work they can bring their babies to the creche attached to the factory, and

Photo: Comrade Sung is on the right and her husband Chia Chis Tsai is on the far left. The peasant third from left is Chen Yung-kuei, party branch secretary of Tachai, and, because of his outstanding leadership of the villagers of Tachai, a member of the Central Committee.

our woman interpreter we went splashing round the 5) storey blocks of flats under large black umbrellas. Up on the fourth floor on one block, children hanging over the banisters, we got a warm welcome from the grandmother, whose feet had been bound when she was a child into 3" stumps, her daughter and her neighbours' daughters. One after another they told us how pleased they were to greet us: and how particularly proud they were when they remembered how, before Liberation, a visitor would go away without a word if the husband was not at home. Women just weren't considered worth talking to. They pressed us to come and stay with them and urged us to send their greetings to women in Britain, a message that was given to us to pass on from women all over China. They told us that a wonderful cadre Comrade He was, and

home' are regarded as remnant manifestations of the old order. Comrade He told us that when she was first elected to this job by the people who live on the estate she had been unable to tear herself away from thinking about her family, working absent-mindedly and hurrying home at the end of the day. The way in which she overcame this 'housewife mentality', which in China is seen as a manifestation of low political consciousness, was by studying Chairman Mao's works, especially 'Serve The People', and exhortation to cadres to do exactly that. Now her work for the Neighbourhood Revolutionary Committee show many examples of how she and the other 17 women on the committee are helping others play a fuller role in the new society. The method is a step-by-step one. About 700 women, the majority of whom had never





A papercut showing the heroine of the ballet 'The Red Detachment of Women'. Women take the lead in the two revolutionary ballets and in the two new operas designed to celebrate the 30th Anniversary of Mao's Talks on Art and Literature at the Yen'an Forum. Chinese culture is truly popular and loved. Films are shown out of doors, in cinemas or factories.

can take two ½-hour breaks a day to breastfeed and play with them. Alternatively they can leave their tinies at creches and nurseries near their homes, like the ones which Comrade He had organised on Pungpo Workers New Residential Area.

The education that children receive in China today is, from what we saw, entirely free from any differentiation between girls and boys: no domestic science for the girls while the boys do carpentry in China! It was holiday time when we visited a Nanking Primary School (which takes children up to the age of 13), but some children had come in for spare-time activities and others to help in the garden, or in the workshops. In one room children were quietly reading from cartoon story-books: in another, a girl was telling a story to her friends: other children were playing chess or board-games, one of which was a variation of Snakes and Ladders, 'Bury The U.S. Aggressors'! The children have two months holiday a year, and spend two weeks each in agricultural and industrial training. The school has links with a production brigade (one of eight or so villages which together make up a commune) and the children go and work there in turn: in the garden attached to the school they grow vegetables, pumpkins, egg-plants, sunflowers, and many others whose names I don't know. The school also has links with an auto maintenance plant, and in small workshops the children were making oil filters for 'Great Leap' lorries (so

named after the Great Leap Forward of 1958) and strap-hangers for buses. This work does not have a primarily economic purpose: it would be more efficient in Western terms if these small parts were incorporated into the factories. It teaches the children skills both urban and rural (in one school we visited in Peking girls were operating lathes, and in another in Hsiyang County the children worked 12 acres of land, which they

teachers and administrative staff' and then a little boy of about 9 jumped up and said 'If there are shortcomings in the work of a teacher we usually put it to them and' he added, obviously with a particular incident in mind, 'if we get too noisy, and a teacher loses his temper, we criticise him for it!' The questions that the children asked us about British schools (not forgetting to send their regards to schoolkids in

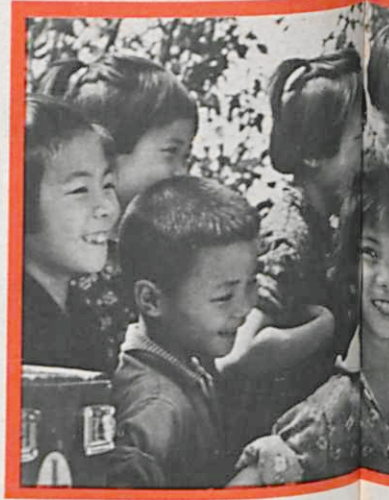
These four authorities—political, clan, religious and masculine—are the embodiment of the whole feudal-patriarchal ideology and system, and are the four thick ropes binding the Chinese people, particularly the peasants. The political authority of the landlords is the backbone of all the other systems of authority. With that overturned, the clan authority, the religious authority and the authority of the husband all begin to totter.

"Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan" Mao Tse Tung. March 1927

themselves had reclaimed). Above all it teaches them that though they have been educated (traditionally in China scholars had the highest status) they must continue to learn from the workers and peasants. The Chinese are determined to prevent the growth of meritocracy.

In the question session we asked if the children were allowed to criticise their teachers (criticism and self-criticism being a vital part of Chinese life since the Cultural Revolution). A girl of 12 answered: 'every week we have a meeting where we put criticisms to the

Britain) highlighted the aspects that they thought were important. A little boy asked what British schoolchildren thought of the restoration of China's rights in the U.N.: we sheepishly replied that few people in Britain understood the issues, let alone kids of 12 and 13. Teachers could not get a word in edgeways: 'What do children study?' the kids asked. 'What is the relationship between teachers and schoolchildren like?' 'Can every child go to school?' 'If children quarrel what does the teacher do?' We left the school deeply



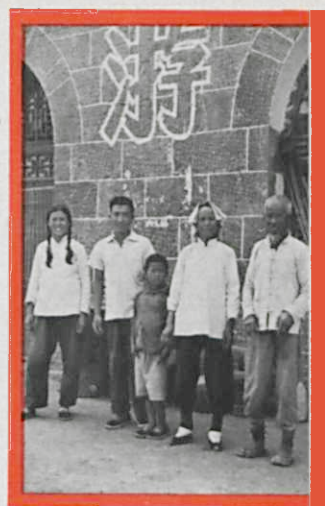
impressed by the clarity and independence of thought shown by the children: a direct product of the fact that the teachers learn from the children, as well as the children from them.

A dramatic example of education in the field of health was the campaign to eradicate VD. VD is now officially an epidemic in the USA, and the rate among US soldiers in Vietnam in 1966 was 10 per cent at the lowest official estimate. In China at the time of liberation the rate of syphilis alone ranged from 3% in the countryside to 5% in the cities, more than 10% in the National Minority areas, and 20% in the Kuomintang Army (The Nationalist Army under Chang Kai Shek). The disease was regarded in a political light, as a physical product of the old society: imperialism brought it, invading armies looting and raping spread it, poverty and ignorance could not fight it, drug addiction went hand in hand with the prostitution that multiplied it. Last but certainly not least the total inferior position of women made them unable to combat it. So the campaign was launched in a political way. Para-medical teams were trained to recognise the symptoms and to administer a simple test: penicillin was used to cure it. The teams went out into the countryside where, using simple posters, putting on short plays and talking to people, they analysed the causes of the disease and described its symptoms. At first people were ashamed to come forward but once one or two had volunteered they would then tell their story to the other villagers, des-



This woman barefoot doctor is giving on the spot inoculations; in her box with the Red Cross on, which she carries everywhere, she has a basic first-aid kit, herbs gathered in the countryside, a book on Acupuncture needles.

These cave-houses are like the one in which Comrade Sung lives, and this three generation family lives in adjoining rooms. The old woman has bound feet; tiny feet were considered erotic.



cribing how they overcame their shame and encouraging other people to get rid of the disease. They explained that the disease was a product of the old society: were they going to take this rottenness with them into the new? Now the disease is so rare that medical schools in Peking can't find examples to show their students.

In Peking we visited a clinic run by the neighbourhood committee. It was in an old quarter, one of four single storied grey houses with snub corned grey tiled roofs, built round a courtyard — red slogans painted on the walls and a clump of tall sun flowers in the centre of the courtyard. Inside the clinic were three beds round which curtains could be drawn, and on the white washed walls were hung acupuncture charts showing all the points of the body, and big posters explaining inoculation.

The two doctors were both women. Dr. He was a bare foot doctor — she'd trained to simple level at the street hospital. Dr. Sui treated her patients with acupuncture, in which she too, had done a short course at the hospital, and massage which she had learnt from her 90 year old father; a typical example of how people use both the available traditional skills and modern Western methods, and of how they learn from every one who has knowledge to pass on. The main emphasis in health work is in preventing disease, thus the main work of the clinics is in educating people in basic hygiene, providing inoculations, and, for instance, launching a campaign as summer comes on, to warn people to

wash fruit and vegetables to avoid dysentery. All married women come her to receive their months supply of pills: and in the countryside a barefoot doctor would probably distribute them to women as they work in the fields, and also give treatment, if necessary, on the spot.

Contraception is free in China and all the various kinds are used: the pill is becoming the most popular. The Chinese were the first

was happening. Immediately the operation was over she got up off the bed, shook hands with us all, and walked off to bed to rest, where we saw her later as we went round the wards, happily tucked up.

Pre-marital sex is not encouraged in China. In a society which is emerging from the very depths of misery and poverty, sexual freedom in the way we talk about it in the West, does not come top in the list of

who, the evening before, had told us the story of his life before liberation. 'Is he a relation of yours?' I asked. She laughed and told me he was her husband. She'd been in the same room as he spoke, but they had different names, (women can keep their own names in marriage now), and no one bothered to say she's his wife, or he's her husband.

Marriage in the rural areas is like traditional peasant marriage anywhere, in that you will probably choose someone from your own village or a neighbouring one, but respect and comradeship are the key notes rather than high romance and passion. The fact that the Marriage Law, published in 1950, was the first law published by the People's Republic, shows the importance with which equality for women has always been regarded by the communist party. The minimum age for marriage was fixed at 18 for women and 20 for men. Men and women were made equal in the possession and management of family property (compare and contrast with England!). Divorce is available by mutual consent, but the husband alone may not apply for it during his wife's pregnancy or within one year of the birth of a child. After divorce, both parents still have a duty to support and educate the child. The status of marriage before this can be judged by the fact that the law contains clauses prohibiting compulsory betrothal, marriage of children, infanticide, of which baby girls were the most frequent victims, since they weren't considered as valuable as their brothers, bigamy, concubinage, and

continued on page 38



Women workers studying Mao Tse Tung's works in their dormitory; and probably Marx, Engels and Lenin too.

to use the vacuum method of abortion. It is simpler, cheaper and safer than any other method, and is the standard one used for abortion in China. Another method of contraception for both sexes is sterilisation. At Shichuachuan Hospital, in the south of Hopei province, we watched a woman being sterilised with acupuncture anaesthesia. Fine needles rotated in her ears produced numbness in the appropriate areas. The woman was fully conscious and smiling, and her anaesthetist was talking to her and explaining what

demands. Comrade Sung, (On the right of photograph), had run away with her husband from the landlord. She lives in Tachai Village, in the Shansi Province, where the villagers are famous for the way in which they have turned the bare rocky hill sides into rich terraced fields. When I entered her home, a single vaulted room, imitating the shape of the caves the Tachai people used to live in, but built in free-standing stone, instead of the hillside, I saw a photograph of the old peasant Chia Chin Tsai, (on left of picture),

Death by Lynda Short

illustration by
Christine McCauley



It was cool in the hallway as I locked the carriage to the filthy balustrade. I considered for a moment whether it would be easier to make two trips upstairs with the contents of the stroller and decided to try for one. I didn't like trying to make the decision of whether I preferred my bundles robbed or the baby kidnapped, so I decided to unload everything. With the baby in my arms I bent down, took out his blanket, bottle and his toys, put them alongside him in one arm, then with the other lifted the huge bag of groceries out by the top of the bag, trying to balance it gently so the whole top didn't rip off until I could get it settled in my other arm. The cool, musty air felt good as it dried my perspiration. One more flight, I thought. Then, at the bottom of the second flight of stairs, something happened. I broke out into a cold sweat as I felt the blood leave my head and all my extremities. My heart began beating wildly, tachycardia, in an incredible arrhythmia. Then I felt an explosion so large that it was audible too, a sort of light surrounded by blackness which fell down over my eyes leaving a residue of tiny sparks sparkling at the edges, then an incomparable nausea of the whole body, a deep nausea which included even my extremities.

This is it, I thought. What I was always afraid of. Death. I had always thought it would be a stroke, a cerebral accident, as it was called. But maybe that had been a heart attack, or diabetic shock. It most likely was a large blood vessel bursting in the brain, in a sort of explosion, the blood, out of its boundaries in a rush, flooding all over, rushing down over my eyes. That's what my grandmother had died of, and I always knew it would feel like that. It actually felt familiar.

When I didn't feel my heart any more I knew I was dead, but I didn't want to drop the baby, so I thought I'd just try to get upstairs, and too, the thought of all the groceries splattered all along the hall, the ketchup spilled, broken glass, oranges falling down the stairs all the way to the front door; the thought of what the Tenant's Committee would think filled me with dismay. I made a supreme effort, and continued carrying it all upstairs. I rested the groceries against my raised knee as I unlocked the door, fully intending to lie the baby down and then lie down myself, being dead, but as I put the baby down and saw him kicking there on the couch. I felt sudden remorse. I knew I couldn't leave him there because as soon as I actually departed this world he'd probably roll off the couch and cry piteously for hours with no one to hear him. Just as I was trying to figure out what to do with the little guy, he began to cry, and I realized that it was time for him to nurse, and it would be better if I left him fed and comfortable, so I left the food in the bag and lifted my shirt, cradling the baby who felt hot next to my cooling flesh, which must, by now, be way below body temperature, and wondering whether there was still milk in a dead woman's breast. The baby sucked greedily, unaware of my condition. Certain body processes must continue from inertia for awhile. I burped him conscientiously, and then he defecated on me right out the edges of his nappie. I decided not to leave him in that condition, and also, I myself didn't want anyone to find me dead with shit on my lap, which brought me to the whole thing of what I should wear. Should I change my underpants? I would have to have my period when I died. Leave it to me to be in the most embarrassing condition. I looked in the mirror and I didn't look good, believe me, but I looked as I imagined I'd look after I saw my grandfather dead, though when I saw him he had more makeup than I; my face was whiter, his was the bluish black of a heart attack. Probably one of the arterioles in my brain had burst. And I had thought that those small lapses into senility I had experienced lately were the result of too much housework. I looked white and solid as if I were made of marble, an article rather than a person. In a lifeless state my face was really ugly, since I wasn't really pretty, the only thing I'd had in my favor was a sort of life, some sex appeal emanating from a type of



expressiveness, which, when gone, left my face frightening in its blank sheer ugliness of form.

Just as I'm about to lie down, with great misgivings, as I watch the baby paddle about on the rug, arms and legs moving frantically, but luckily unable to move an inch in either direction except round in a circle, I realize that its time to pick up the other two kids from school. A person can't even die here, I think, as tears (where can they be welling from?) actually fill my eyes. Maybe I can get someone to pick them up for me. I've already considered calling Dave, but would he leave the store early just because his wife has died? What about when I had the baby and he made me come home two days early from the hospital because he couldn't watch the other two and didn't want to close the store, even for a day. And the time I nearly bled to death from a hemorrhaging extracted wisdom tooth and the dentist wouldn't answer his answering service, and I asked Dave to come home and watch the three kids so I could find an emergency clinic that dispensed dental treatment, and he said he couldn't leave yet because a customer was there. So do you think he'd leave in the middle of the day for a mere death? I decided to call Ruth Roth. Maybe she'd take them to her house, then I wouldn't have to worry about them and Dave could pick them up when he closed his shop.

'Hello, Ruth?'

'Hi'

'Listen, Ruth, I'm dead, could you pick up the kids for me and keep them awhile till Dave picks them up?'

'I'm dead too. I was going to call you and ask you whether you could pick up Rosalee.'

'I would, but I'm really dead. I mean dead.'

'I'm worse than dead, I have this virus. Just pick up Rosalee today, I'll do yours tomorrow.' I decided not to hassle. I got ready to pick up my two kids, plus Rosalee.

The proscenium of the school is sickening even when one's feeling well. I suppose it could be uglier aesthetically, but it becomes ugly when one has to go there every day for so many years, stand in the same place, and at a certain moment, mobs of kids begin pouring out, an enormous effusive discharge, a percolating inundating deluge, almost as if the building itself is writhing in the throes of an enormous peristalsis. Every day the same mothers stand there in the same spot and wait. It's depressing. It reminds me of my childhood at Coney Island, standing poor postured in the ocean, skin blotched, burnt and freckled, as mottled child with a slanty buck-toothed grin, always slightly nauseous from the sun, my hair apologetically dripping, waiting in excitement and terror for the next wave.

Timothy and Rosalee, in the same class, are out, running wildly around the stroller, the baby's head swivelling around in complete circles watching them. The two kids, increasingly wild, disturb me. There's no part of me that's sympathetic with the speed of them. I become dizzy and lean on a parked car for support.

'Stop being so wild,' I say, thinking to myself that it's all because Rosalee's here, which is mostly a lie.

'You're going to hurt yourselves,' I say, like an oracle. Their movements accelerate, and interweave with other children, moving in and out, spreading along the whole street, books, noise, and food flying, like a dance choreographed by my worst enemy. And sure enough, Timothy is on the floor, on his chin. As he rises, blood drips in drops to the spot on the concrete where his chin hit, leaving a mark. Everyone crowds around, sympathetic, telling me about all the cases they knew of where a fall on the chinbone required stitches, as I stare at the split flesh hanging at the bottom of my little boy's chin. In a semi-stupor I raise my ass off the royal blue Volkswagen, the fender of which fits more neatly to the body than any other type of car, and rummage around in my huge purse for something to stanch the blood. I find a nappie without too much spit-up on it.



A row of four identical cherub heads, each with dark curly hair, red cheeks, and small wings. They are all resting their heads on their hands in a similar pose.

without falling over, but when I do, it feels so good that I don't even mind going for stitches. Timo isn't crying. He wants to know whether he can have some candy.

I know where the emergency room is; I've been there before. We wait on a long line to register. I don't know how I manage to remain on my feet. Timothy is holding the nappie to his chin and eating liquorice. It's our turn.

'Name,' says the secretary.

'Timothy Schor.'

'Timothy? That's a strange name for a woman.'

'It's not for me, it's my son.'

'I thought it was you, you look so terrible,' she says.

'Dead people usually look bad,' I said. She looks around in a moment of panic, as if she's trying to spot a psychiatrist on duty. Of course she's unsuccessful. She decides to terminate any communication with me other than the application for treatment. I show her his chin.

'Oh, it's bad, It's like another mouth,' she says coolly.

'Fuck you,' I whisper with my death breath.

'Go to the third room on your left after the large room where the sign is, and wait,' she says. We wait. My fear is that after we wait for four hours or so, we'll find out that they lost the pink paper that the secretary filled out. A nurse comes in.

'Timoty Skor?'

'Yes?' She slips a thermometer under his tongue and times his pulse, as liquorice juice streams out along the sides of the thermometer and dribbles onto the nappie. We wait more. I'm holding his hand. Someone else comes in with a baby. She undresses the baby on a crib. Even though it's summer, the baby has on a sweater and leggings ski set and a light wollen bonnet, which has to be removed, then little shoes, underneath, tights, a dress, a tiny slip, a minuscule undershirt. She undresses the baby, leisurely, carefully, right down to one Pamper, weeping gently onto its belly. She folds all the clothes neatly in a pile, takes out a soft baby hairbrush from her large pink carrying case and begins to gently brush its almost nonexistent hair. This must be the grooming instinct, I think. Then I wonder why I lack it, as I look at Timo. His hair is long, it hasn't been combed for a year and a half. He has various food stains on his face which extend down over his shirt in matching and contrasting colors. His face is long, his chin sharp. All of a sudden I feel personally responsible for his injury. Waiting so long makes me angry. I'm considering taking him home and taping his chin together myself. I'm thinking of lying down right here and now so they can say, 'She died waiting for service in the emergency clinic,' but I'm afraid to leave Timo at their mercy.

A doctor comes in. He says, 'Que pasa?'

'He fell,' I say.

'Let's have a look uuuggggghhhhhh. What happened?' he asks.

'He fell on the concrete in front of the school'

'What happened, sonny,' he asks Timo.

'I fell on the concrete in front of the school.'

'Are you trying to accuse me of child beating?' I ask.

'Cool it, lady, by the way, this must have upset you, you don't look well. Have a seat.'

'I'm already sitting.'

'Well, relax. I'll tell

'I'm going to have to take a couple of stitches. You wait here.'

'I want to come with him.'

'I'd rather you didn't, you look so bad, you might faint.'
'If I look bad, it's because I'm dead, smelling salts and waiting here aren't going to help. You think I'm just a hysterical woman,' screamed, 'But I'm not, I'm simply dead. A person could die waiting here!' I shrieked, filling the halls with my mausoleum, creature feature scream.



The doctor ran from the room. A minute later a nurse came and took Timo out. The coward is probably waiting, trembling in the sewing room. Where did the doctor learn to sew? In Home Economics? Will they bring back my child? Maybe they'll take me upstairs to the looney section. There's no need to fear that, looney space is at a premium these days. If you really go insane bad you have to wait at Bellevue for an opening here. It's the Concord of mental hospitals. And on the wall, to minimize my sufferings, is a crucifix, a painted metal Christ on a wooden cross, passive, limp, blood, painted with a metallic glow, streaming from every nail wound. Actually he's beyond suffering. As depicted here, he must already be dead. I'm in the process of seeking two cross pieces of wood to fulfill a prank I'm thinking of, and I've already shredded my clothes and painted red on me, when they bring in Timo, with shiny dried tear rivulets and a stretched mouth.

'Make an appointment to bring him to the sewing clinic next week to have the stitches removed,' he says.

At the cashier I say, 'How much is it?'

'Sixteen dollars for a visit to the emergency room, plus four stitches at ten dollars a stitch, that's forty, plus sixteen, plus the X-rays that they took to see whether the bone was chipped, and the entire body X-rays they took to see whether he showed signs of previous child-battering.'

'You expect me to pay for the unauthorized X-rays that you took for your own use, having nothing to do with my child's injury????? You get a special grant for that! I should sue you for exposing him to unnecessary X-rays!'

'Lady, I didn't take the X-rays, so don't say "you". I'm only the cashier.'

'Just send me a bill, I don't carry that much money, even Rockefeller doesn't. He has credit cards. Do you accept credit? How about Bank Americard?' She hid under the desk as we walked away.

'Where were you so long?' asks Dave, when we return. Does he think we lied to him in order to go see a movie or something?

'How much did it cost?' he asks.

'I'm not sure, they want to charge for X-rays I didn't tell them to do.'

'Well, you have to pay out of the household money, since it was all due to your neglect.' I held Timothy to me and wept into his bandage.

'Don't get it wet,' he said.

On the way home the baby begins to cry. I buy some milk, not knowing when a dead woman's milk gives out. I recall photos I've seen of dead Indian women (starvation) with emaciated babies at the breast, but I never could tell whether they were still sucking Or if they were, were they getting anything. At home, baby at my breast, I see I was wise to buy the milk. I make a bottle. The best way to wean someone from you is to die. Who said that? Was it Eleanor Roosevelt? Edmund Muskie? Flo Kennedy, probably, or Ethel. Alex still looks unhappy. I ask her what's the matter. She gives me a pathetic look and bares her teeth. There's nothing there. She has no front teeth anymore. And it isn't as if they've just fallen out, on the contrary, new large ones had just grown in, just achieved their full growth within the past week or so. And since they had been enormous, it wasn't easy to miss them.

'What happened?' I said. I didn't yell. Her face turned into a prune and tears ran like streams in and out of the creases and into her mouth.

'Why are you crying?'

'Because I thought you were going to yell.' Well to tell you the truth, I felt like yelling, I felt like screaming, but it's really stupid to yell at a kid because her teeth are knocked out. And they weren't completely knocked out, just chipped off almost to the top. A good dentist could cap them.

Actually, I had thought that when David finally came home he'd take over so that I could just die normally. It isn't so much that I wanted to die, but being already dead, there was no choice, there was something compelling about lying down. I did have dinner ready for him so that things wouldn't be too much of a strain. I also prepared food for the next four days, cold things, and wrapped them and labelled them with instructions for warming or serving. When he came in he looked at me for a minute and said, 'you don't look well.' I said, 'Well, it's because I'm dead, and usually dead people aren't well.'

'Don't be so sarcastic,' he said. 'You always complain. Think of something more positive, for instance, at least you can't get cancer now. Why don't you make some coffee to take your mind off it?'

'Look,' I said, 'I'm dead and I'm going to lie down. Make yourself some instant coffee.'

'Instant coffee is horrible.'

'Then make yourself some regular.'

'But you know I can't make it as good as you, I don't know how much coffee to put in.' I make the coffee, trying to figure out where to lie down when I finally could. The whole thing seemed so unnatural at this point. Its best to just lie down at the moment you die, no matter where it is. Did that mean I should descend the hall stairs and collapse at the point where I originally died? The kids were watching Gilligan's Island and the baby was sleeping. I lay down on the bed and a gentle peace pervaded me, which was shattered by David, calling—'Hey, where's my dinner?' He called again. I wondered whether I was capable of ever getting up again. I ignored him. Eventually he'd see something was wrong and that I'd never be able to make his dinner again, or else he'd get his own dinner. He continued calling an endless number of times. Finally he came in and throttled me.

'What's wrong?' he said.

'I told you. I'm dead.'

'You're just a hypochondriac. Move over.' He lay down beside me, squeezed in, because I didn't move over. Then he moved on top of me.

'How can you do this to a dead person?' I was really indignant over the indignity.

'Well, I'll try, it's sort of exciting.' He disembarked for one mad moment while he ripped off his clothes. Then he proceeded to rip off mine, which was difficult since I didn't even raise my hips.

'Why can't you move just a little?' he said. 'I feel like a necrophiliac.'

'Why does your excitement depend on mine? You're insecure. You take it too personally. It's a known fact that dead people don't respond.'

I put the kids to bed. I looked in the mirror. My face was already thinner, my eyes looked like melted fish eyes. My skin was like cheesecake with birthday candle blue lips. I felt like weeping but not a tear came to my concave fish eye.

I sat on the toilet while I let my bathwater in, nice and hot. I left my hand under the tap where it flipped to and fro like a seal flipper. When the tub was full I got into the water gently, insinuating my body in a bit at a time, enjoying the sensual pleasure of the extreme heat of the lower part of my body and the gooseflesh of the upper, unimmersed portions. When the sensation mitigated I rested my back against the curved back of the tub and slowly lowered my body down. I continued sliding down until I felt the water crawling over my lips, feeling the water in my nose, over my eyes and tickling my scalp as it flooded fluidly through my hair. I never bothered coming up. I noticed that the oblivion I was experiencing was no different from the usual.

Linda Schor is an American, married, with three children. She contributes to the Village Voice and writes short stories, most of which are as yet unpublished.

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Whose Family Allowance?



Women signing a petition against the tax credit system

'To take away Family Allowances from women who are working at home doing housework is to take away the only money they can call their own'. With the budget at the beginning of April this year Family Allowances will be replaced by a system of tax credits. Women will no longer have their own income — here we discuss some of the implications of this proposed change.

The government is proposing to do away with Family Allowance and is replacing it with what is called 'tax credits'.

Tax credit is to combine Family Allowance and child tax relief, and replace both by a tax credit. But this tax credit is tied to a wage. Whether this tax credit will be paid to the mother or the father, the document leaves open. This issue, of tax credit paid to the mother or to the father is a red herring.

Although the government is not particular whether these credits are paid to the man or the woman, it's known from experience that it is most likely to be given to the man. If it is paid to women, the man will take a

cut in pay. If it is paid to the man, women will take a cut in pay.

Once Family Allowance is not a *statutory right* but is included in tax relief instead, and therefore tied to a wage, women who do not have men to support them and do not themselves have a wage are excluded.

Once Family Allowance is not a *statutory right*, it can be eaten away at any time. In a year, let's say, they can change the rate of taxation and wipe it out altogether.

The implications for removing Family Allowance from women are very broad. We wish to stress that once they remove it as a statutory benefit and draw it into the tax system, as they are

proposing to do, they can alter or even abolish it without special legislation, by a clause in a Budget. The implications of this are:

To take away Family Allowance from a woman who works at home doing housework and childcare is to *take away the only money she can call her own*. It's a woman's right to have her own independent money and not at the expense of lowering the man's pay packet.

To take away Family Allowance is to *discourage a woman's right to choose the size of her family*. She has no guarantee that her house-keeping money will go up when she has more children.

To take away Family

Allowance is to *help remove woman's right to choose what job she wants to do*. If women have no money of their own, they are forced to take jobs at any pay under any conditions, any hours, in order to meet the bills and have any independence.

To take away Family Allowance will *undermine women's demands for equal pay*. To the degree that women must find even part-time jobs for extra money or at any rate for themselves, they threaten the jobs of women who are already getting wages. (They don't (directly) threaten men's jobs on the whole — yet. Car workers get £30-£40 a week. In the catering, light manufacturing

and hospital industries, the pay is half that, and this is mainly — but not by any means exclusively — 'women's' work.) This threat means it is more difficult for women to make demands inside the factory, office, hospital or shop, because there are too many women outside waiting for their place.

Whether or not there are jobs for women, the government wants women to be demanding jobs, which will make it that much more difficult for the equal pay struggle to be successful.

To take away Family Allowance is to deprive some women from the beginning even of so-called tax credits. Since credit can only be related to earnings or insurance benefits, those without earnings or insurance are left out. Increasingly, credits are tied to work, not to need.

★The wife of the student is left out completely.

★The student mother is left out completely.

★The family where the man is on strike or where the woman as main wage earner is on strike are left out completely. This means that strikers and their families will be even more vulnerable.

★The wife of an unemployed man while he is not eligible for unemployment benefit is left out for that period.

★The woman who is sacked for being militant must wait for some period before she gets any benefit and during this period when she needs it most, she is left out completely.

★The self-employed woman is also left out completely, since tax credits are figured weekly and self-employed people have tax computed semi-annually.

To take family allowance away is to take away the only reliable form of income of the family. Strike, unemployment, injury, death, the woman gets the money now. Under the new plan she may get nothing, and the man will not get it either.

To take Family Allowance away is to discourage women ending intolerable marriages. Just that little bit coming in regularly, weekly, could be enough for her to make a start with the help of relatives and friends. Without it, she is at the mercy of events and the nuclear family.

The Unsupported Mothers at present can at least

demand an income from the State. The married woman whose husband has a low wage or whose husband does not share the wage with her, or whose husband is particularly domineering, is even worse off if she has no money, because the state has no responsibility to her, not even on paper — except family allowance.

The whole approach to taxing women's pay is on the basis they say, of 'First, incentive: the needs of the economy require the continued employment of large numbers of married women and the system must be such that they feel it is worth their while going to work.' After waffling about for two pages, they do not change the tax position of the woman who has a pay packet.

A woman's right's

As things stand now, the divorced/separated woman who is working outside the home is in trouble with tax. If a maintenance order is made for children, she cannot claim them on her tax even if the man gives no money. The man gets tax relief on the maintenance money and also gets child allowance (tax relief for dependent children).

If he does pay maintenance, not only does she not get tax relief on child allowance, but she is taxed on the maintenance he pays.

Of course if you get a solicitor, and if you can take time off from work to fight it, and if you know your rights, you may be able to do something about it. But in practice most women are not told their rights, can't take time off from work, and in any case can't afford a solicitor. *This position is not affected by the new proposals.*

At the same time they threaten to leave the housewife who lives with her husband totally financially dependent on him, which is the greatest single 'incentive' for her to get a job outside the home.

Because pensions have dropped in value, Social Security is increasingly needed by pensioners and fought for through Claimants Unions. This tax plan is to fix the sum you receive as a pensioner so that you are no longer entitled to Supplementary Benefit which is an elastic sum — it can go up if your rent goes up, for example. Two-thirds of retirement pensioners are women, over half a million

women receive widows' benefits, 90% of old persons' pensions are received by women.

As for the Unsupported Mother, the Supplementary Benefit which she has increasingly organised to fight for the Claimants Unions will also begin to disappear. The point is not only to make her less eligible for Supplementary Benefit, but to take away her opportunity to go to the SS to make a fight, thus giving old people the courage to fight with her support. This is clearly a move to prevent Claimants of all kinds from fighting for a living wage directly against the State.

Tax credits are sometime just another name for tax relief, when, for example, instead of women getting Family Allowance, there is less tax taken from men. Or tax credits replace allowances and benefit we are already entitled to. But now these benefits and allowances will be taxed. *Everything* is now going to be taxed, all insurance payments such as: Maternity allowance Unemployment benefit Sickness and injury benefit Invalids' pension.

They will all be taxed. There will be no more tax rebates at the end of the year if you or your husband have been out sick or been unemployed for months. This is a tax squeeze, not a tax credit. After having paid for benefits, we will be taxed when we receive them.



photographs by Angela Phillips

Vulnerable to the state

Tax credit means tax relief and taking away what we already have won in the form of statutory right. It is to tax benefits for which we have already paid insurance. It is to make strikers, the unemployed, the sick, the invalid and the industrially injured, the pensioner, and especially the housewife, the waged woman and the Unsupported Mother made vulnerable to the State. It is to destroy the Welfare State and tie every statutory benefit to money already coming in either as wages or an insurance. It is to remove our right to get back our own insurance money which we have paid for through tax and stamps.

Tax credit is a phrase like 'paternal' in the new Aliens Act. It hides the true meaning. Where 'paternal' means white, 'tax credit' means not only tax relief but taking away what we have already won. We must not let this happen.

Family Allowance must be given to every woman as a statutory right, whatever her marital or job status, beginning with the first child (At present it begins with the second child.)

Family Allowance must be tax-free.

Family Allowance must be increased so that the woman and her child can have independence with or without a man.

Maternity Allowance must remain statutory and tax-free.

The woman who has waged work must receive equal tax relief with her husband, not instead of her husband. The Green Paper itself says: 'where both husband and wife work additional expense is often incurred, e.g. on domestic duties otherwise undertaken by the wife and it is fair to regard their taxable capacity as being less than that of the couple with the same total income which is earned entirely by their husband.' The woman has child care expenses, fares, dinner money, having to shop in convenient places where prices are dearer, etc., etc. We don't want tax relief instead of the man; tax relief must be given to the woman as well. Otherwise, whatever her wage on paper, by the time they take back extra expenses, stamps and extra tax, she is working for a pittance.

The London Family Allowance Campaign. For further information ring 01-622-8495

*Raisa Palatnik arriving
at London Airport
January 12th.*

Prisoners of Conscience

by Karen Gelbart

Raisa Palatnik still wakes up screaming at night, dreaming she is in the Soviet forced labour camp near Dnieprodzerzhinsk, where she spent the last fourteen months. Yet this courageous Soviet-Jewish woman who finally arrived in Israel December 21st after serving a full two-year sentence on a trumped-up charge of 'slandering the Soviet Union' energetically faced the British press on January 12th and recounted in harrowing detail all the suffering, squalor, and degradation to which Soviet-Jewish 'prisoners of conscience' are subjected.

Due to the attention Raisa was given by the national media during her visit to London, her story is well-known; but the highlights are worth repeating perhaps most of all because Raisa herself is convinced that the efforts of the free press finally induced the Soviet authorities to issue her an exit visa, and will hopefully expedite the visas of those Soviet Jews still languishing in prison camps and jails.

Raisa, who is 36, became interested in Zionism in 1965 and began reading old editions of Zionist literature (Simon Dubnov's 'History of the Jews' was one) and printed pamphlets. Together with some friends in her native town of Odessa, she studied Jewish and Zionist developments. Soon after she started typing out some of the information herself, she was visited by the Soviet KGB (secret police), who grilled her on the 'propaganda' in her reading material and on the activities of her friends. Because she refused to give out any information to her interrogators, she was brought to court in December, 1971, on the charge of 'slandering the Soviet Union.' For five months before her trial, Raisa was held underground in an airless dungeon. Following protests abroad by the British '35 Committee' (Women's Campaign for Soviet Jewry, and her London hosts), she

spend another five months in slightly improved conditions. After a ridiculous trial, she was sentenced to the forced labour camp at Dnieprodzerzhinsk.

The camp in which she spent the next fourteen months, 'if you call it living,' was not a camp for political prisoners, but full of criminals, convicted murderers, thieves, and prostitutes, who were rewarded by the camp authorities for mistreating and harassing her. The regulations put the working day at eight hours, but when she refused to take on extra work, she was cruelly beaten. Conditions were harsh: warm water once every ten days and airless solitary confinement rooms when she complained. Raisa suffered several heart attacks, partial paralysis and blindness, and severe malnutrition.

After her release from the camp, Raisa applied for an exit visa to emigrate to Israel and within a couple of days, the authorities let her go. The only stipulation was the payment of 2,300 roubles (1,150 pounds) in 'ransom tax,' a levy on Jewish graduates wishing to emigrate which the Russians instituted last September as an attempt to prevent a brain drain from the Soviet Union. Usually, the amount demanded is ridiculously high (10,000 pounds in some cases) and very few can afford it. In Raisa's case, the authorities inexplicably changed their



minds, as is their wont, and the tax was waived.

There are three million Jews in the Soviet Union. In 1972, 30,000 of them emigrated to Israel. Scores more are waiting to leave. Their success depends largely on the whims of the authorities. Activists who demonstrate for recognition of their basic human right to move freely are imprisoned right and left on fabricated charges of 'hooliganism' and 'obstruction.' The more serious offenders are sentenced to terms in forced labour camps.

Now that Raisa has been released, only one Soviet-Jewish woman is known to be serving time in a camp for a 'political crime:' 28-year old Sylva Zalmanson,

who has become the new focal point for the '35's' campaign in this country. Most Soviet-Jewish citizens arrested are men, simply because it is usually the husband who applies for a family exit visa and is subsequently harassed. Known cases of serious harassment of single women are rare. Ultimately, our incomplete knowledge of the facts and a dearth of information from the smaller Russian towns prevent us from thoroughly assessing the Soviet-Jewish situation. But that Raisa Palatnik has emerged a heroine is obvious.

For Raisa, the nightmare is over, though her concern for Sylva Zalmanson and other Jews still held in Russia almost overrides her relief. The elation felt by those who have worked so prodigiously on her behalf since March, 1971, was succinctly expressed in a handwritten note attached to the '35's' press release announcing Raisa's arrival in London. It said simply, 'At last!'

Conference on Equality

by Geoffrey Sheridan

We are now approaching what ought to be the half-way stage in the implementation of the Equal Pay Act, passed in 1970 and due to come to fruition at the end of 1975. By that time women must be paid the same rates as men for doing the same or broadly similar work, or for doing work which has been given an equal value under a job evaluation scheme.

If that sounds simple, then it is not as simple as it sounds. What did emerge clearly from last month's (Jan) TUC conference on equal pay was that the Act is a complex piece of legislation, with many implications that have yet to be widely recognised by both management and the unions. And the rush of job evaluation schemes which the Act has prompted require extremely cautious examination if they are not to assess and segregate skills in a manner which is only helpful to the accumulation of profit.

The trouble with the conference was that it

virtually coincided with the announcement of Freeze Two, bringing Maurice Macmillan to the platform to explain that the Government would allow a reduction of the gap between men's and women's rates by one third in 1973. The words to note are 'allow' and 'rates'. Under the terms of the Act, the Secretary of State for Employment could have issued an order requiring women's rates to be brought up to 90 per cent of men's by the end of this year. He chose not to exercise those powers, in the interests of a 'more orderly progression towards equal pay', of course.

Allowing the gap to be narrowed is one thing; persuading employers to do it is another. Certainly, a number of the conference delegates were keen to 'go on the offensive', but industrial action in support of equal pay claims has yet to send the stock market plunging.

The distinction between rates and earnings indicates one of the major inadequacies of the Act. According to the latest government figures, for the year ending April 1972, the average weekly earnings of full-time women manual workers were £16.6, compared with £32.1 for men.

Charles Donnet, the General and Municipal Workers' national officer for local government services, drove the point home at the conference: 'We have sought to overcome the low pay situation in the local government sector by introducing a minimum earnings guarantee, so that men on a basic rate of £17.45 with no opportunity of increasing it by overtime or bonus earnings would have their earnings made up to £19.

'But this opportunity was deliberately denied to

women. When we sought to have it applied to them, the management told us the Equal Pay Act applied to basic rates, not earnings.'

Low pay is what fundamentally characterises the situation of women workers practically throughout manufacturing industry and the services, and it will not be solved by the equalisation of wage rates. But the conference scarcely touched on the problem.

There is still, however, a widespread fear among women workers that if their rates (not to mention their earnings) are ever brought in line with men's they will be squeezed out of job. As Sylvia Sabin, a shop steward, put it: 'I speak to girls wherever I go — in grocery shops, Marks and Spencer, my bank, my insurance lady, and I'm trying to get round to see all the chambermaids in the hotel I'm staying at today. They're so afraid because of their financial commitments; that somehow equal pay will cheat them out of something. No shop steward worth her salt would allow that to happen, but what will happen when these jobs go vacant?'

Arsenic solves the food bills

A woman who found a solution to her food bills commanded a good few inches of news columns this month up here in the North East. Mary Ann Cotton of West Auckland administered arsenic to around twenty people, mainly members of her family by her three husbands.

This year marks the centenary of her execution at Durham Prison and locals in the village where she spent her last eighteen months of liberty are trying desperately to play down the publicity. But magazine features, plays

and a book rather prove that people want to know more about the murderous old soul who in one house alone got rid of her bigamous husband Frederick Cotton, his ten year old son, their baby and her discarded lover, the lodger Joseph Nattress.

Spooky tales of Mary and her victims abound and local councillor Harry Clements declares her 'a bad penny', adding that at this rate of publicity she would rank with Anne Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scots as the most famous women in history.

'She brings disrepute to a

village which has produced some wonderful people — she spent far more time in Sunderland anyway.'

But you can't palm off a woman like Mary Ann, or take her side convincingly as Arthur Appleton, author of a new book on this infamous poisoner tries to do. He suggests she might never have been convicted on the circumstantial evidence if she had had a good defence counsel. In case you are not convinced he also says sympathetically that she had too many children. 'You'd

suffer a bit if you had twelve children wouldn't you?'

Well, yes, I suppose so Mr. Appleton, but then the three husbands would have been more than enough for me, I'd have taken the arsenic myself.

Meanwhile, back in West Auckland the village children skip and sing:—

Mary Ann Cotton,
She's dead and she's rotten,
She lies in her grave with her mouth wide open.

And
Sing, sing what shall we sing
Mary Ann Cotton was hung
on a string.

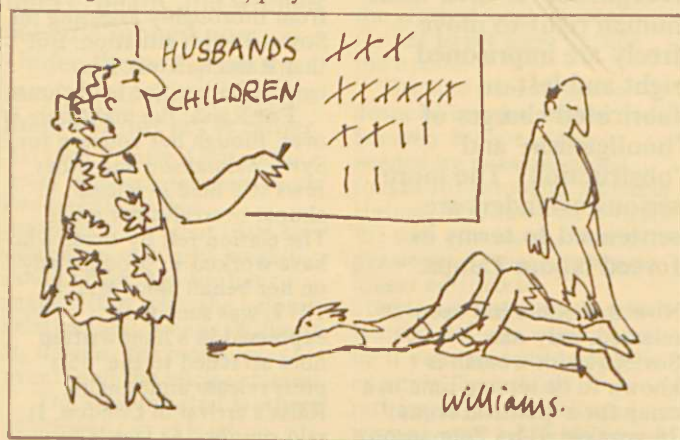
Hang'em high

My personal vote for the saddest story of the month goes to events at Northallerton, Co. Durham where two 16 year old boys appeared before a special juvenile court accused of murder. They were remanded in custody for seven days to Durham Prison and will be appearing at Northallerton again. When they do the same twenty mothers and children will be demonstrating outside.

Led by Mrs. Pat Billingham, a close friend of the

murdered man and his family, they called for the re-introduction of hanging and corporal punishment. She said that there would be a demonstration every time the youths were taken to court and her supporters described how feeling in the town was 'running high.' Most of the crowd carried placards saying 'Bring back hanging', 'Bring back the birch' and 'Bring back capital punishment'. Grief is sad, revenge more so.

The new number for the London Pregnancy Advisory Service is 409 0281



Watching all the boys go by



January 12-17 was Liberation Week in St Andrews. The University's Left-Wing and Radical Groups - Third World First, Women's Liberation, Socialist Alliance, Student Radical Society, Labour Club, Liberal Club - got together in an unprecedented display of co-operation and arranged a week of meetings, concerts, and films on such topics as Economic Development,

National Liberation struggles, Alienation, and Sexual Liberation. There was a collection for Medical Aid to Vietnam, a poster exhibition and sale, a Liberation bookstall and bread-and-cheese lunches.

Part of Women's Liberation's contribution was a street theatre piece. About twenty townswomen and students took part - standing on the corner, watching all the boys go by. The women wolf whistled, asked phone numbers, offered dates and made anatomical comments. And afterwards, they urged the fleeing men, 'Cheer up, love.'

The aim was to bring a little closer to home the idea of 'liberation', and to point out that individuals can be just as oppressive as governments and 'the system.' Leaflets were handed out to the men - the message was 'How Does It Feel?' and passing women were invited to join the fun and games.

Occasional men were amused, furious, flattered or terrified. The majority were just plain embarrassed.

The ladies and gentlemen of the media practically bust a gut; phones never stopped ringing, and we had coverage in radio, TV and newspapers throughout the country. You would think it was the only event of Liberation Week and all that Women's Liberation have ever done. But we got opportunities to publicise our more serious activities; and we reckoned that since the action was a joke anyway, we stood to lose little by frivolous publicity. And even Jean Rook of the Express wished us 'more pea to our wolf-whistle'!

Falling about the house

Falls are the most frequent cause of accidents in the home. In 1970, 2,706 women fell to their deaths and many more were injured. Most of those accidents - over 90% - did not just happen. They were caused by unsafe environmental conditions and unsafe acts by people.

It is mainly the elderly who die from falls, but children are also at risk and should be protected from falling. The pre-school child will fall down stairs; out of windows or off balconies; off tables, chairs etc; out of prams, cots and high chairs; will slip in a bath or on a wet floor; will trip over things on the floor; and will fall over because his shoes do not fit properly. Good housekeeping will eliminate some hazards but not all. Special precautions have to be taken.

Gates should be put at the top and bottom of the stairs: they should have a child-proof fastening and the one at the top should not open towards the stairs. Louvre windows are better than bars.

The sides and ends of a cot should be at least 24" high from a wire mattress and 19" from a spring mattress: it should have a safe fastening so that a child cannot lower the drop side. Prams should not tip up (look for the BSI kite mark to ensure you are buying a safe pram). Wire trays are safer underneath a pram than heavy shopping

precariouly balanced at one end.

A non-slip mat in the bath will help a young child especially if he can hold on to a safety rail. A long chain attached to the normal chain of the lavatory will stop him trying to stand on the seat.

Children are extraordinarily inventive but with a little foresight, you can prevent them having a serious fall which might result in death.

Firsts for Women

Jean Cunningham, 40, Superintendent of the Lothian and Peebles constabulary, has been appointed the first woman full-time staff officer serving with HM Inspector of Constabulary of Scotland. She has been in the Force for 18 years and says she hopes this will clear the way for other promotions.

Molly Porter, 33, has been appointed the first woman mountain rescue team leader in Britain. She is to lead a team in the Cairngorms.

Maire Drumme, 50, has been appointed acting president of the Provisional Sinn Fein during the imprisonment of Mr Rory O'Brady.

Women at the Bar

You will always find a woman behind the bar of Colburn Lodge, Catterick, and in the grill room, and in the cellar, dealing with a food red, filling in the two foot square order sheets and calling time. The pub is run by licensee Mrs. Colleen Quayle and her eighteen-strong girl staff.

She holds the rare distinction of being one of the few women in Britain entitled by Government diploma as a technical and managerial on-the-job trainer to instruct potential pub managers on her premises.

If the 'students' follow her example they too will have crowds ten deep at the bar, selling 15 barrels of beer in a week. 'On Friday nights the place is heaving' laughed Colleen, 'But I don't believe there is a single job in this world a woman can't do if she is sufficiently interested.'

SELL OUT



Dolly Pram that turns every little girl into a little mother. Sent in by P.M. Shepard, 2, Station View, Longthorpe, Yorks.

The Price of Parole

by Judy Kirby

How goes the Parole Board? that quietly conservative body of public-spirited citizens dedicated to lowering the prison population? Well, it still has only five women members out of a total number of 31 people on the Board, mainly because statutory appointments tend to be for those in public positions hitherto mainly held by men, like High Court judges.

The five women themselves, however, do not feel that the Board is weighted in favour of men. Mrs. Lindy Price, who has just left after a three year 'stretch' on its weekly panels, thinks the balance is correct for the present time. 'When there are more women in the statutory categories, like principal probation officers, criminologists and High Court judges, then they will be invited on to the Board,' she says. 'At present women are appointed who have experience of people, like headmistresses, magistrates, and JPs.'

Mrs. Price, made the Board by dint of the fact that she has been a Holloway prison visitor since 1963 and has been involved in the after-care of women prisoners. 'I'm totally untrained really' she admits, but has been seriously involved with the work of the Board and committed to its aims. She shares the basic radical view that there are too many people in prison and alternatives must be found, but for her establishment alternatives are a good start, and better than nothing.

'I don't think the Board is conservative at all' she says 'you can't let everyone out and you must listen to public opinion. But then, the Board has let out murderers.'

Parole Board members are spread out across the country and the panels meet either in London, Manchester or Birmingham. Each member sits on one panel a week, three weeks out of every four. Dossiers of the cases arrive at the member's home prior to the panels so 'homework' can be done. Up to 30 cases would be reviewed each sitting plus recalls of prisoners who had



Mrs. Lindy Price photographed by Angela Phillips

erred whilst on parole. An average of nearly 5,000 cases a year have been reviewed.

'Sittings were always with a different mixture of people' says Mrs. Price 'that was to save you getting too complacent with your colleagues and predicting their reactions.' Often prisoners fight shy of applying for parole—they dislike the home enquiries, and they prefer their release to be free of strings.

There is a local review committee which first sees applicants for parole at their prison. The committee is made up of Home Office appointments—a Governor, a member of the Board of Visitors and a senior probation officer from the area. They take the first bite at the cases—those who are suitable go forward to the Parole Board proper. But the 'rejects' are not simply returned to their cells. There is a fail-safe method which puts their names and details of convictions into a computer to see if the possibility of reconviction within two years is less than 35 per cent.

There are other safeguards: if one prison turns down a prisoner for parole application, his colleague in crime—if he has one—(maybe serving his bird elsewhere) is not automatically scratched from applying.

Parole Board members are required to visit as many prisons as possible during their own terms. Mrs. Price, could euphemistically be called a Hampstead housewife with four children and a Chancery Silk lawyer husband, has been to all four women's prisons. They also visit constabularies and probation HQs—'to save us from seeming a faceless machine.'

Though finding prisons appalling, she cannot yet subscribe to the RAP view that Holloway should not be rebuilt at all, even as a hospital. 'If there is going to be a new Holloway then let it be of the hospital variety. The women one sees in Holloway are desperately breaking down physically for the most part—some of them need to be rebuilt themselves.'

The Board has been sitting for five years and has cut short the sentences of about 10,000 prisoners and about 6 per cent have been recalled. In 1971, 4,584 cases were considered and 2,971 were recommended for parole; 1,366 were refused and 247 were recommended for early review. Afterwards 227 were recalled and a further 404 were sent back to the Board to decide whether they should be recalled. Mrs. Price emphasises the strictness of the Board on the subject of recall. If a prisoner doesn't

report to his probation officer without good reason he finds himself/herself very smartly back before the Board.

It may be the butt of many radical and conservative criticisms but she feels the Board is a genuinely progressive penal advancement, part of the continuum of reform. 'You have to reflect current public opinion' she insists; 'In fact we were just being members of the public. The criticisms have mostly been from prisoners who couldn't get parole or from people who do not understand the working of the Board.'

The Board has attracted rebels within its own ranks. Last year five members brought out their own minority report condemning Lord Hunt's Board for complacency and for being an adjunct of the present penal system.

Lindy Price has now joined the Probation After-Care Sub-committee in Inner London helping Eric Knapman run the 'community sentencing' scheme for offenders.

Her place has been taken by Mrs. Susan Baring, a JP. No-one gets re-appointed to the Board: 'A good thing really, otherwise you'd have people harping back to the "good old days" on the Board and that would be disastrous.'

SPARE TIME

SISTER SHOW

Two days of events are being organized by the Bristol's Womens Liberation at the Bristol Polytechnic. There will be an exhibition of paintings by Liz Moore, Monica Sjo, Beverly Skinner, Ann Berg and Val Charlton, as well as music, poetry reading, theatre sketches and information stalls on contraception and abortion.

A free bus to take people there will leave from the centre of Bristol at 7.30pm.

Bristol Polytechnic, Clange Road, Bower Ashton March 13th-14th

EQUAL PAY EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

The Status of Women Committee are holding a one day conference on equal pay and equal opportunity. Baroness Sear will be the main speaker. The other speakers and panel members will include members of the government, the opposition and representatives from the Trades Union, employment agencies, training and education, and the professions.

Hoare Memorial Hall, Church House, Westminster Tickets, £1.00 from H.C. McConnell, Status of Women Committee, 18, George St, London W1R 9DE March 31st

ENLOC WU

Enloc Wu was born in Shanghai in 1946, and started learning the piano at the age of four when her family moved to Hong Kong. Her career at the keyboard has been a success story ever since. In Newcastle she will play three sonatas by Scarlatti; Mozart's Rondo K.511; Franck's Le Tombeau de Couperin and 2 Nocturnes and Scherzo by Chopin.

People's Theatre Arts Centre March 1st

1973 YORKSHIRE FILM-MAKING AWARD

The Yorkshire Arts Association is offering assistance to frustrated film makers. Up to £1,000 will be available to the person/people who submit the best project for a film. Projects may be submitted in the form of a script, a series of slides, photographs or drawings, or a pilot film. A special feature of the scheme is that it is a competition in which there are virtually no losers. Advice, practical assistance and help with equipment and studio facilities will be open to all applicants. The closing date is April 17th and there are no Yorkshire residential qualifications.

Contact Nina Hibbin, Film Officer, Yorkshire Arts Association, Glyde House, Glydegate, Bradford.

HULL WOMEN'S MUSICAL UNION

Their third concert will be held at the Y.P.I. George Street, Hull. March 5th

CHILDREN'S ART EXHIBITION

Since first started four years ago the Sheffield Children's Art Exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery proves an ever increasing success. Between seven thousand and eight thousand children enter every year. Some are block entries from 340 schools in the Sheffield County Borough.

There is no set theme, and three dimensional work is allowed as well as group projects. A panel of experts, teachers, college lecturers and commercial artists judge the entries under the chairmanship of Frank Constantine Director of Sheffield's City Art Galleries. 'The best children's art is probably done before the age of 12,' remarked Frank Constantine. 'There are some really exciting things from the 5-10 year olds. Children do become inhibited from about 13-14 years.'

'We do have the competitive element in the Children's Exhibition,' he explained. 'The local newspaper gives prizes for four different age groups. Art is a personal thing, but it does need an audience. The artist gets a lot of satisfaction if there is response to the work.'

The children's art movement gained impetus during the twentieth century in Germany and Austria. Children's art has something akin to folk art in that it opens the eyes to the real value of the subject, just as the art of primitive people can do with its free approach. Artists such as Van Gogh and Picasso have contributed to the appreciation of children's art by demonstrating the independent expressive power of line and colour.

After the exhibition ends the best pictures are retained in the Schools Supply Department Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield. February 10th-March 11th

Marion Troughton



COLOURFUL BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Chapter Arts Centre in Cardiff have invited Peter Kuttner to add colour to their first birthday tea party on Friday 2nd March by literally painting the food. On Saturday members will be able to exercise their creativity on spaghetti with brilliantly coloured sauces followed by psychedelic trifles.

March 2nd-March 4th

PHOENIX PLAYERS

The players are presenting stories and themes from Guy de Maupassant.

Wheatstone Hall, Brunswick Road, Gloucester March 1st & March 3rd

'OPEN FIELD'

Furtive eavesdropping at the 'Open Field' art exhibition revealed that this is definitely an audience orientated exhibition. It consists of a hundred works by artists living in the Southern region; the enormous stylistic variety from simple landscape to a pop mixed media is more entertaining, or at least creates more controversy, than one man/woman shows.

Southern Arts Association organized the exhibition in an attempt to establish contact with artists in the region; to promote the work of unknown artists and to put money into the visual arts by purchasing selected works.

Women are well represented except amongst the large canvases. Don't women paint large scale works? Were few large paintings submitted by women? And, most important, why were there no women on the selection committee?

Bath Road Museum and Art Gallery, Swindon. March 3rd-31st

Borough Museum and Art Gallery, Worthing. April 17th-May 5th

Guildhall Picture Gallery, Winchester.

Russell Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth, June 2nd-June 30th

ARDEN AT THE OCTAGON

'The Happy Haven' by John Arden directed by Wilfred Harrison.

Octagon Theatre, Bolton. March 6th-March 31st

HIGH WYCOMBE ARTS FESTIVAL

An unusual festival featuring at Wycombe is 'Festival Firm'. A quiz in four heats with teams from local businesses competing. The first heat is taking place at Broome and Wade March 7th at 7.30

High Wycombe Festival March 3rd-April 7th

CHURCH CONVERTS TO THEATRE

The Lindsay Rural Players have converted the Methodist Chapel in the village of Wickenby into a theatre. The conversion was designed by the late Roy Broadbent. The theatre has an open stage and seating capacity for ninety with the stage back painted a rich non-reflecting brown in contrast to the bright white foyer which is decorated with huge blown up pictures of the cast in the theatre's first production 'Noah'.

The players devised a Jesus Christ Superstar interpretation of 'Noah' with the cast dressed in flared jeans and variously coloured T-shirts. All but four of the cast were children. The aim of the theatre is to provide a centre for social and creative activities for young people from scattered

villages within a radius of fifteen miles; drama weekends, lectures as well as pop concerts and folk concerts are planned for the future.

The Director of Education for Lindsay (Lincs) was so impressed by the atmosphere generated at the performances of 'Noah' that he is eager to help the Players improve facilities at the chapel and install a car park.



CAGEBIRD CONTROVERSY

The first of our reports on conservation movements round the country.

The new chairwoman of the Northampton County Naturalist Trust is raising conservation consciousness in the county to new heights. Amongst her many (some say eccentric) schemes is the donation of a trophy to be won by the best British bird bred in captivity. Critics claim that keeping birds in captivity is totally contrary to all precepts of nature conservation. The chairwoman disagrees. 'There are many people living in towns, particularly children, who are completely unaware of birds. Early contact with these beautiful creatures will awaken their interest in wild life and engender an understanding and a love of animals.'

DRIVING FOR A BETTER ENVIRONMENT

Sixth formers in Northamptonshire are working an individual projects for pollution prevention. The people with the best projects are given free driving lessons courtesy of the County Naturalist Trust and Shell. During the lessons anti-pollution propaganda is poured into the pupils ears on all topics from hedgerow preservation to the problems of noxious factory effluence and restriction of car use.

Anyone interested in conservation is very cordially invited to attend the meetings of the Northamptonshire County Naturalist Trust. Contact Mrs M.E. Nobles, 2, Stanfield Road, Northampton.

MAHLER'S SECOND SYMPHONY

The Central London Orchestra, the Camden Choir and TV Wenderover Choral Society with conductor Julian Williams are presenting Mahler's Second Symphony. In St. Peter's Church, In St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London SW1. March 18th @ 8.00pm. Tickets 30p and 50p.

ITS FREE-for the cost of a stamp or a phone call you can have your meetings, events etc listed in "Spare Time".

SPARE TIME



REGIONAL FILM THEATRES

FILMS OF THE MONTH

'The Butcher' (AA) (see last month's Spare Time) A psychological thriller, and probably the most accomplished of Chabrol's films, starring Stephane Audran as the local schoolteacher with Jean Yanne as Popaul the butcher.

'Tristana' (A) Catherine Deneuve (even better than in 'Belle de Jour') manages the transition from radiant innocence to corrupt indifference superbly in Bunuel's fable about crippled love.

'The Butcher' (AA)
Luton Feb 27-March 2 (0582 21628)
Bolton March 2-March 4 (0204 24469)
Swindon March 19-March 24 (0793 24491)

'Tristana' (A)
Doncaster March 19-March 21 (0302 62349)
Edinburgh March 26-March 30 (031 225 1837)

'A New Lear' (U)
By Elaine May Plymouth Mar 12 - Mar 14

'W.R: Mysteries of The Organism'
By Makavejev Lancaster Mar 22 - Mar 24

'Family Life' (AA)
Ken Loach's study of schizophrenia at Bolton Mar 23 - Mar 25

Great double bill:
Bergman's 'The Touch' (X) and 'They Shoot Horses, Don't They?'
With Jane Fonda at Harlow Mar 19 - Mar 24

Godard's 'Le Mepris?' (AA)
With Anna Karina at Bristol Mar 20 - Mar 24

'One Day in The Life Of Ivan Denisovitch' (A)
At Southampton Mar 12 - Mar 16

Knitting up unemployment

Hartlepool men are taking up knitting. The town of dockers and steel workers has an extra 250 jobs coming its way and men will be trained to do work at present done by women.

The Blair Knitwear factory, a subsidiary of the American-based Sabre International Group, has increased its workforce from 250 to 450 since May and more than fifty workers will be taken on when a £60,000 extension is completed in June. Second phase plans mean another 200 jobs with an even bigger third phase at present being kept very dark.

Mr. Joel Rubens, chairman of Blair Knitwear said they intended to take on a higher percentage of male labour and 'to set up a training department to train men to do jobs now done by women.' They have already experimented successfully in this direction.

'The men should find it attractive' added Mr. Rubens, 'It's very well paid.'



Richmond Womens' Liberation group at the national lobby for the Anti-Discrimination Bill on 31 January.

Angela Phillips

Classified

●Psychotherapist (Jungian) now has vacancies, Highgate area Tel: 01-348 5593

●HELP: pregnancy testing advice etc. 402 5233

●INTERIOR DESIGN. No better employment for 'job satisfaction' either working for yourself or in a studio. A well established, recognised home study course is available. Colour prospectus from Dept: SR, Rhodex International, Rhodex House, Yelverton, Devon or telephone our London number 01-242 2320.

●Shelter National Campaign for the Homeless: New shops in central London desperately need both quality goods and people to decorate, work in shop, and distribute leaflets Please ring Lucretia Irani 01-723-0368

●Instant romance without embarrassment! A service guaranteed for everybody; write (SAE) to Gateway Bureau, 5, Gibbs Close, Coventry.

●Sappho Magazine. Published by homosexual women for all women: Monthly 30p inc. post. BCM/PETREL, LONDON WC1V 6XX. Meetings first Monday each month. Upstairs Room, 7.30 pm Euston Tavern, Judd St/Euston Road, London NW1.

●Exclusive female only correspondence contacts, etc. For details without obligation send SAE - "Ariadne", The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

●FOR SALE:

Old fashioned single bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe, dressing-table, chest of drawers and single bed. £15.00 o.n.o.

Metal framed studio couch £5.00

Two satin bridesmaid's dresses size 10-12, one gold, one royal blue, £1.50 each.

Fringed suede waistcoat size 10-12, £3.00

Pifco hair dryer - £1.50 phone Marian 437-2070.

●Ladies Personal Vibrators £1.50 post paid cheque/P.O. to R. Dent. Box no. 91, Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh St., W1A 4XS.

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If any readers need legal information please write to Felicity Trusty, Spare Rib.

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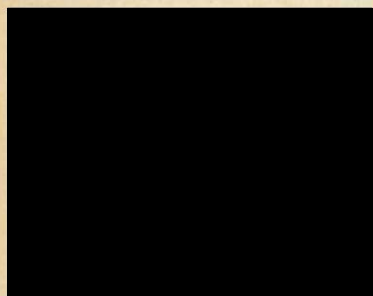


photo
by
Peter Stark



Reviews records

Nicky Hepworth:
In this column we are planning to do regular reviews of new albums to give people some idea of the choice in the shops.

Laura Lee

Women's Love Rights
Hot Wax

It must be only fear of women's liberation that prevented EMI promoting this album more. Gospel rhythms support her high-flying voice as she asserts 'wedlock is a padlock' when you're married to a no-good man'. She has hints of Aretha Franklin but there is one big difference, she writes her own lyrics. Definitely a dancing record in the Sly Stone vein, the outstanding track for me is the hip-writhing 'It's not what you fall for, it's what you stand for.'—A lady to be reckoned with.

Boz Scaggs and Band
CBS

More blues music here, but a completely different treatment. The whole album is blessed with tight imaginative production giving almost a big band sound on some tracks. Haunting congas on 'Here to Stay', always splendid brass, with Boz' mellow voice carrying the band from the gentler tracks of up-town 'Monkey-Time'.

Frankie Miller

Once in a Blue Moon
(Chrysalis)

This his first album has prompted the music papers to dub him the voice-to-watch of 1973. For once (in a blue moon?) I have to agree with them. He sings his own material (all but two tracks) with a gutsy blues voice that reminds me of a mellowed-out Joe Cocker, and which ideally suits his lyrics. A fine rocking back-up too from Brinsley

Schwarz, providing alley-cat mood on 'I'm Ready' and seaside accordion on 'Ann Eliza Jane'.

Carly Simon

No Secrets
(Elektra)

By now you must've heard Carly Simon's 'You're So Vain', and it is undoubtedly the best track on her album, but the rest is no disappointment. Her strong clear voice is supported by some lovely string and horn arrangements, with Klaus Voorman on bass Nicky Hopkins sitting in on piano occasionally. Gentle, unpretentious lyrics make this an all-round goodie.



Colin Blunstone

Ennismore
(Epic)

Even the cover of 'Ennismore' is ethereal. Sometimes his voice seems so frail, you think it'll break, though he can find a bit of depth on the few heavier numbers, and acoustic guitar adds some beat on 'I Want Some More'. A pleasant album, well put together—not everyone's cup of tea, but definitely one for the romantics.

Duane Allman

An Anthology
(Capricorn)

It's rare these days to have a 'best of' album give track-by-track value and pleasure, but this surely does. On three sides of this double album we hear Duane playing lead and slide guitar for other artists' sessions, with the fourth devoted to his Allman Bros Band. His talent was sensitive and versatile enough to bring new dimensions to work from Wilson Pickett's 'Hey Jude'

thru Boz Scaggs' lilting 'Loan Me A Dime' to his soaring guitar on Derek and The Dominoes incomparable 'Layla'—the first time Duane worked with Eric Clapton. One could go on and on picking out tracks from this album, but I'll just remember to mention King Curtis' 'Games People Play' with King himself on sax and Duane playing electric sitar, and Aretha Franklin's version of 'The Weight' before thanking goodness that we have such a wealth of Duane Allman recorded here, since his death in 1971 robbed us of a well-loved and respected musician.

people

Rosie Parker:

Su Braden

'I'm really very nervous about this,' said Su Braden, as she opened her front door to me. Nervous? 'Time Out's' exhibition reporter, angry critic of the art establishment and exhibiting sculptress nervous of an interview for 'Spare Rib'? 'You see' she explained, laughing, 'I'm the one who usually asks the questions.' Su Braden joined 'Time Out' two years ago. She had had no previous experience of journalism neither did she know-the-right-people. 'I went in there ostensibly to talk about an article they were doing on my work; and I sort of flicked through the magazine ostentatiously, and said, 'who the hell does your art page?' And they said, 'could you do it any better?' And I said, 'yes.'

'I was shattered when I realized what I had done. I found it very hard at first.' At the same time she was sculpting, and mothering a new baby. I wondered how she managed to co-ordinate all three activities. Would she describe herself as unusually efficient and serene? 'No, I'm extremely hysterical. I have an awful lot of mishaps because I'm just trying to fit in too much.' Her laughter was slightly hysterical. When I suggested that there might possibly be some conflict between being an art critic and a practising artist she immediately stopped laughing, saying, 'Really I don't criticize art. I criticize the way art is produced; the sort of context art is put into. I see myself as an artist speaking as an artist.'

Su had never felt that being a mother precluded her from other activities; partly because her husband takes a large share of the responsibility for looking after Alice (often totally taking over at weekends) and partly because Su feels that children should be assimilated into life outside the home. She takes Alice with her everywhere. 'Women should be accepted as mothers in a very public context. Take your kid with you, if the young exec can't take it that's tough on him.' She contradicts the old-husbands tale that pregnancy sublimates and silences creativity; she worked throughout her pregnancy. 'Though I admit I found sawing difficult', she said, laughing again.

After Alice was born she went back to the studio, erecting a playpen for Alice in a warm corner. 'I have very little sympathy with women who say, 'if I didn't have so much washing I would have been doing art.' There are a lot of incidents and interruptions in women's lives but instead of getting fussed one should use them. In most men's art, art is totally separate from their lives — a private god-like activity.

This exclusion of art from other areas of existence is anathema to Su Braden. Because, in her view, art should reflect the artists entire life, she believes that there is a significant difference between art produced by a man and art produced by a woman. 'I think of my art as female art as opposed to male art. That's what I'm interested in because I think there are a lot of things women can make comments on in their art about their own state.'



Su Braden
photo Etienne Bol

In the past, to refer to a work of art as feminine was synonymous with describing it as weak. I asked Su to elaborate on what she considered specifically female in

a work of art. She replied, 'using the environment is a feminine way of looking at art. Not fitting your work into an environment but making your work for it.' She described how she had spent the entire three weeks of her exhibition at the Serpentine gallery on the premises; painting circular motifs on the floor inspired by the skylight in the ceiling. She actually raised the level of the floor relating it to the ceiling and altering the view from the window. The exhibition was constantly changing. 'This may be a terrible generalisation but the way I see women in art is that they are prepared to demonstrate the activity far more clearly than many men. The way art is going at the moment, away from that sort of hard male object thing — the highly finished work — should be a real opportunity for women to be themselves.'

She hastened to add that she was not attacking male artists and even criticized 'Spare Rib' for adopting a derogatory tone towards men. It is the art establishment that she is blaming. 'Gallery directors are frightened of committing themselves to women.' She insists that it is simply not true to say that there are no first rate women artists. She traces discrimination back to the art schools where sex is considered before talent. 'When I applied to art school the first question they asked me was, "are you a virgin?" I replied, "are you?"' She laughed slightly triumphantly.

Instead of fighting for entry into an art network which distorts the role of art, making it into a luxury and an appendage to life, women should join together and articulate what they want. Su concluded, 'we must find outlets for work which are socially viable.'

film

Rose Ades:

The Amazing Mr.

Blunden

Curzon WE.

Gen. Release Easter

This film reaches near-caricature heights in reasserting conventional sex and class roles. There is a great deal of excitement and

magic, children around me really seemed to be enjoying the film and yet insidiously the message pervades it all. It is the boy, Jamie, who is called upon to show his heroism and courage with the limited support of his congenitally weaker and less imaginative elder sister. She, Lucy is not even able to carry out her task in the moment of crisis although as it turns out this is not particularly important anyway. There are ample opportunities for Jamie to complain at her stupidity, and at the end when evil has been conquered, Jamie delights in saying to Lucy 'You did help me, at least a little'. The other girl, Sara who has great beauty and poise plays the totally selfless mother to her little brother Georgie. Admittedly the film is a fantasy. It is full of the traditional pantomime characters—the evil, ugly witch-like caretaker-cum-mother-in-law (Diana Dors), the kind old man, the loyal garden boy to name but a few, but it seems unnecessary and irresponsible to make the characters, with whom children are intended to identify, so sex-type-cast.



books

Sarah L. Maitland.

The Affair of

Gabrielle Russier.

Nemone Lethbridge.

Gollancz £2.25

Gabrielle Russier was a youngish (31) French Divorcee who taught Literature and Languages in a Lycee in the South of France, she was highly intelligent and academically well qualified, she was popular to an unusual degree not only with her students but with a number of their parents, she had twins whom she brought up very strictly but with great devotion, her exhusband described her as being of

'Impeccable moral character'. Less than two years after falling in love with one of her students, a physically mature, non-virgin she committed suicide, hounded to death by public opinion and by the law. This book, an introduction by the editor, two essays, and a small collection of her letters, attempts to explain how it all happened. Fundamentally it fails to do so, however within this failure so many important points are raised that the book is interesting.

It fails in its obvious intention because it fails to produce a credible picture. The letters are the best part from this point of view, at least they escape from the sentimentality of the two essays and Russier (her maiden name and used only after her death, she called herself and was known as Gabrielle Nogues) does actually appear as an intelligent and mature woman which is something one would never guess from the way she is talked about.

The French Law particularly in regard to minors is very complicated and I do not intend to comment on it here, but one of the essays is in part a passionate appeal against the French system of 'Preventive detention', imprisonment prior to trial. With Stuart Christie just out of prison after 16 months on remand, five times longer than the longest term served by Russier, it becomes clear that France is not the only country which needs to look more closely at the position of its untried 'criminals'. One of the most appalling things in this book is the rapid deterioration which Russier suffered, physically, psychologically and mentally, throughout the time she was in the hands of the law. This again is best brought out in the letters. She was aware of it herself, and it was at the roots of her despair.

It is also true that had she been a man none of this would have happened to her, men fall in love with, have affairs with, run off with girls thirteen years younger than themselves regularly, in France, if the girl (a minor) is proved to have consented there is no case against the man. More worryingly the judge of the case said that if she had been a hairdresser and Christian (her Lover) an apprentice nothing would have happened either. Such a woman would presumably have been treated with a

gentle patronage, no less abusive than what did in fact happen. The standard is not merely double it is multiple, a woman who is a success in a man's world must pay for this with moral impeccability, a woman who keeps in her place must pay for it by being treated as morally witless.

Kim Lane:

Adhocism

Nathan Silver and

Charles Jencks

Secker and Warburg

£4.75

If you have ever made a meal out of leftovers or stood on a chair to change a lightbulb, you will probably be surprised to learn that you are a practitioner of *adhocism*. Adhocism is a name coined by Charles Jencks to describe the principle of making do with what is at hand to solve the specific problem. It is more than just coping or muddling through because you must have a positive goal in mind. It is just old-fashioned pragmatism without the philosophy.

The authors take pains to point out that adhocism is an ancient practice and by naming and describing it, they hope to make it an honourable one. Their examples are wide ranging, cleverly chosen and well illustrated (the pictures are many and are almost always on the same page as their reference in the text—other lay-out designers please note.)



Once you start looking, examples of adhocism are all around you. Jencks and Silver cite instances from all fields of art. In literature, virtually every author and poet borrows familiar images for his own use. Ezra Pound

was, perhaps, the master; borrowing from every culture and epoch. Buster Keaton exploited adhocism brilliantly in his films. Beds became tables and sofas became bathtubs while the victrola doubled as a stove. Duchamps' found objects and Kienholz's brilliant assemblages are prime examples of using objects already at hand but designed for other purposes to make artistic statements.

Since both authors are architects, it is not surprising that they are most concerned about adhocism in architecture, design and urban planning. As in other fields they cite many historical examples; buildings made out of scrap cars, dining room chairs made out of tractor seats, and a brewery converted into a complex of shops and flats. But they also go further and expound adhocism as a conscious principle for future development.

Their most persuasive argument is the democracy of adhocist design and planning. The final result is the sum of innumerable individual *ad hoc* decisions rather than the dictatorial plan of a single designer; the organic variations of old cities instead of the sterility of new towns, the classic beauty and functionality of the old-fashioned chair rather than the elegant but relatively useless 'designer' chair (no matter how comfortable it is to sit on, can you stand on it to change a light bulb? or use it to prop open the door?).

Unfortunately, the author's enthusiasm for adhocism sometimes blinds them to reality and makes them seem hopelessly naive. Proposing a computerized index of manufactured goods including their faults as well as their virtues for the benefit of the consumer, they say that it must come about 'because it is so logical and necessary'. When last did logic and necessity come to the aid of the consumer? Still, how can you not like a book whose frontispiece is a photograph of the Women's Liberation march, London 1971?

**The Feminine
Mystique,
Betty Friedan,
Penguin, 40p.**

Virginia Woolf's assertion is probably as true today as it was when she made it in 1928. However, there is a counter-movement in the book world which reflects a fundamental change in the climate of thought among and about women. In 1928 the fury of the suffragette movement had abated. When Simone de Beauvoir wrote *The Second Sex* (first published in 1949 and still probably the most exhaustive analysis of the nature of 'woman', 'femaleness' and 'femininity') the division between men and women's work and social roles had been obscured by the war; the trend of women 'back to the home' gathered momentum throughout the fifties, prompting the beginning of a new consciousness among women. Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* (1963) explores the effects of the increased emphasis of woman's primary role as wife and mother, and by attempting to define the



Betty Friedan photo Norton

'problem that has no name' located the pressure in the feminine mystique pushed by the media, the psychologist, and the increasingly frantic American consumer society. Her psychological insights have had important consequences for many women: at one point she describes the psychological effects of the concentration camps: 'Strangely enough, the conditions which destroyed the human identity of so many prisoners were not the torture and the brutality, but conditions similar to those which destroy the identity of the American housewife.' The extremism of the metaphor is highly relevant in order to

point up the violence of the psychological oppression of women.

However, while Betty Friedan could describe and, up to a point, analyse the violent social forces which led to the dehumanisation of women, her political answers in the book (and subsequently in NOW - the American National Organisation of Women) were moderate ones: a few changes in the law, a wider range of training courses for women wishing to go back to work, more and better nurseries.

**Sex, Gender and
Society,**

Ann Oakley,

Maurice Temple

Smith, 95p

Patriarchal Attitudes,

Eva Figs,

Panther, 40p

The Female Eunuch,

Germaine Greer,

Palladin, 50p

The Descent of

Woman,

Elaine Morgan,

Souvenir Press, £2.50

(but if you wait it'll

doubtless appear

(more cheaply) in

paperback too)

Since then, the books keep appearing, and can be roughly split into two categories: the first follows the tendency of *The Feminine Mystique*, is generally prompted by a burning conviction that women are not quite where they should be, produces useful descriptions and insights, and, when it comes to the crucial question 'What then?' a few modifications to the existing social structures. Generally speaking, these books (of which the most useful selection available in this country is in section 3 of the list below) have not been written from the experience and perspective of commitment to the Women's Liberation Movement, though they probably owe a lot of their impetus to its existence. Indeed, both Germaine Greer (in her book) and Elaine Morgan are snidely convinced that a women's political movement is the



Germaine Greer
photo Pete Sanders

wrong way to go about changing things - though neither of them produces any solid arguments for this point of view.

All the books in this category (one might define them as 'the movement of the books on women') are scholarly and readable compilations of evidence to the fact that women are exploited at work, oppressed in the family and at work; Ann Oakley provides an analysis of gender training, showing that the social consequences of male/female divisions are largely cultural, with biological tendencies one way or the other. Like Eva Figs she is aware of the role of patriarchal attitudes towards women in precapitalist society, and aware of the increased exploitation of women since the development of capitalism, but ultimately both books are descriptive and not political analyses, and though useful, finally limited. The limitation itself is one imposed by a flaw in logic; after all, all the writers produce sufficient evidence to show that women are not innately 'inferior' or doll-like playthings for the male sex.



Eva Figs

At the very mildest, according to these books, women have been grossly repressed and manipulated. Having proved that men have a lot invested in the status

Micheline Wandor

**'Have you any notion
how many books are
written about women
in the course of one
year? Have you any
notion how many are
written by men? Are
you aware that you
are, perhaps, the
most discussed
animal in the
universe?'**

(Virginia Woolf,

**A room of One's Own
Penguin, 25p.)**

**The Second Sex,
Simone de Beauvoir,
Penguin, 75p.**

quo, they indicate that we can achieve the changes we demand by asking for them from that same male-dominated structure which has everything to lose (they think) by giving in to women. The writers have in fact not completely come to terms with their own feminism, and by default leave us with the status quo. Ironically enough, Elaine Morgan's book, an imaginative account of human evolution through the female line of the species, comes closest to a Radical Feminist position (not a label that would please her), by suggesting that it was woman's biological role (bearing and caring for children) which was the cause of male domination (according to her, rape was the first political act of domination of woman by man because the woman's body evolved autonomously, making it more difficult for him to mate when he wanted to). She ends the book by intimating that the future development of the species will again be in the hands of women, since they are still 'in charge' of their reproductive function. While countering male egos by showing that the female has (albeit unconsciously) been just as responsible for the biological development of the species, she reorganises some of the questions, explores the possibility of answers, but never actually comes up with any.



Elaine Morgan
Photo Stanley Travers

All these books are free-floating; none of them relate to the past in such a way that we can plan for the future. They evade a historical commitment, and thus preclude a relationship to the future. Lionel (Paper) Tiger would say that's because women can't think politically anyway, and he would consequently see this

next category of books on women as aberrations, instead of seeing both as different aspects of the same inquiry.

Sexual Politics,

Kate Millett,

Abacus, 60p.

The Dialectic of Sex,

Shulamith Firestone,

Palladin, 50p.

Woman's Estate,

Juliet Mitchell,

Penguin, 25p.

This category could be described as 'books of the women's movement'; Though written by individual women, all with academic training, they reflect the discussions and ideas of the movement as a whole, and owe the form of their existence to the fact that they act as moments of theoretical focus on a historical event, organised and analysed by individual minds. It is important to realise that these books are only the tip of the iceberg as representatives of the literature of the Women's Movement. Like other political movements, the process of development is more directly visible through the internal communications, of newsletters, pamphlets and publications. The books available through traditional publishers are individual focuses on collective moments, and should be seen as such.

The first two books are American; both taking different approaches of Radical Feminism, based on the premise that men's dominance of women was the first ever situation of control of one group of people by another, and asserting that this has been the common factor in all other forms of political oppression. Of the two Shulamith Firestone's is the more theoretically coherent; she analyses society as organised primarily round the power of the male sex over the female sex. In particular she attacks the limitations of class analysis in coping with women as a group, and attempts to develop a materialist view of history based on sex itself. While her view has gaps, it is the most comprehensive to date of the Radical Feminist position, including at the end outlines for possible directions the women's



Shulamith Firestone
photo Michael Hardy

movement might take. For women to free themselves of the 'biological tyranny' of child-bearing, the most crucial political problem of the future will be the control of technology. (In other, simpler, words, how do you feel about test-tube babies?) Ecology and feminism meet, sparked off by a feminist revolution.



Kate Millet

Kate Millet's book follows the same path of analysis, but concentrates more on deeper analyses of particular writers (creative) as perpetrators of the patriarchal pose. Her exploration of the precise nature of the degradation of woman as seen through the fantasies of Lawrence, Miller and Mailer is a healthy attack on the apparently nebulous way in which we receive ideas about men and women through 'art' and 'culture', which most people still assume is in some way 'above' politics.

Juliet Mitchell's book is the first to have emerged from the British women's movement, (*The Body Politic*, an anthology, is just out - see Spare Rib no.8 and *Women: Resistance and Revolution* by Sheila Rowbotham, is due out this month). *Woman's Estate* summarises briefly the relationship of the Women's

Movement all over the world to the other political counter-movements of the sixties, mainly the student and Black movements. She attempts the virtually impossible - to stand outside the contemporary moment and place it in and place it in a historical perspective. In fact, although very compressed, the book draws together the main political tendencies within the women's movement and makes theoretical suggestions for its future development. Unlike the American books, this one retains the guideline of class analysis, seeking to expand and transform it by combining it with a feminist analysis of women. In particular the analysis of the family presented here makes it possible to discuss a theory of history and present society from the perspective of women, but in a way which includes men and children. While Shulamith Firestone's discussion of the oppression of children is very powerful, it is hard to see how her analysis can be used to discuss the whole of society (men and 'work' included) so as to define the nature of the actions necessary to change the position of women and the society as a whole. These three books also have in common the assumption that the reader is at least vaguely familiar with Marxist principles; and while the most theoretically extreme, Shulamith Firestone's, is also ironically the most immediately readable, don't be put off; many women in the Women's Liberation Movement have begun to explore Marxism as a result of their feminist commitment.



Juliet Mitchell

This account is obviously brief; it hasn't really done justice to the scope of thought in all the books mentioned, and is intended as a short guide to anyone who thinks a real understanding of a movement of

thought can be got from reading a few books. They're aids, provocateurs of thought, impetuses to further thought, instruments of communication, and spring from very real movements of events. Even the publishers who are planning their lists for the next two years, thinking 'Women will sell' (where have I heard that one before?) are acknowledging the fact that someone takes it all seriously. As a finishing irony, Penguin and Palladin Books seem to be neck and neck for the honours of changing our consciousness about women. If one day their women workers take them over, they will have been more successful than they could have dreamed. A book is a book is a . . .

I think that Arkady Leokum's *Tell Me Why* books are very good. They tell me so many things that I didn't know before such as why do cannibals eat people? and how long will the sun last? The three books are called *Tell Me Why*, *More Tell me Why* and *Still More Tell Me Why*.
by Amelia Paget aged 9





Stitchy Gingers

by Ellie Sampson

Dress makers can be divided into two categories—the perfectionists and the rest. The following brief guide to making your own clothes is for the rest.

Dress making can be fun and has lots of obvious benefits. For instance, you can wear what you want, not what the current trend dictates. It's far cheaper and far more satisfying. Most of us have been put off dressmaking for life by needlework classes at school. Did you struggle with a grubby bit of material for a whole year, in the end to produce a nightdress which you didn't really like? As in everything there are certain rules which are helpful to follow, but there is no need to let the rules get the upper hand and so take the fun out of the whole process.



Firstly, you need basic equipment.

- a place to cut out—a large table or the floor
- a sewing machine
- something to keep all your dress making bits and pieces—either a draw, carrier bags, boxes
- an iron, ironing board (a table with a thick cloth on will do) and a clean piece of material for a pressing cloth—.

Smaller pieces of equipment.

- Sharp pair of scissors. Blunt ones can really mess up good material, and good scissors soon become blunt if they are used for cutting up paper, or your toe nails!
- a large supply of pins and a pin cushion to collect spare ones as you work. (Part of an old pair of tights wrapped round the arm of a sewing machine makes a useful

pin cushion)

c) Assorted needles, different sizes are needed for different fabrics.

d) A fibre glass tape measure with inches and centimetres. (we are going metric soon). Fabric or paper tape measures tear or stretch and become inaccurate.

d) tailors chalk or tracing wheel and tracing paper for marking making-up information from the pattern to the garment.

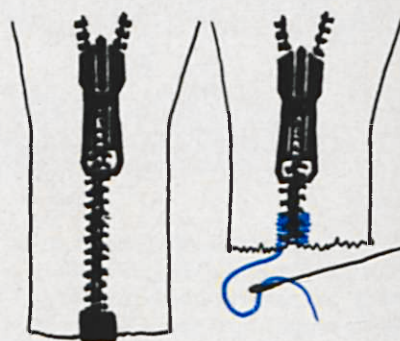
e) tacking cotton—ordinary thread is too expensive to waste on tacking.



f) sewing thread. There are many types available, so do choose one that is suitable for the fabric. i.e. Cotton or Sylko for cotton, synthetic thread for synthetic fabric, silk on silk, and silk on wool. A good tip if dying is to dye the thread with the fabric to ensure an accurate colour match. Avoid very cheap threads. They tend to break and knot easily. Sylko and Trylko are both good value. Large reels in basic colours eg black, white and beige are useful and economical.

g) zips. Nylon zips are sometimes difficult to cope with and need careful treatment—too hot an iron will melt the zip. Cheap zips can be bought in local markets and are satisfactory for many garments. But if what you are making is extra special or the fabric expensive, don't skimp on the zip. It isn't worth the few pence in the long run. If you are buying a cheap zip and the required length is not available, a long zip can be shortened by cutting away the excess length and then carefully

oversewing the bottom of the zip with double thread.

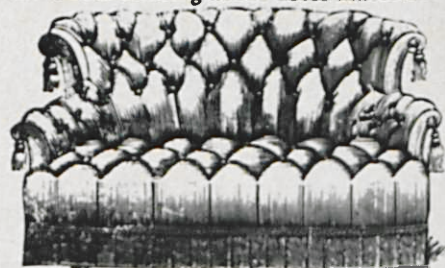


Buying fabric

A good basic rule is to buy the best quality you can afford. Poor quality fabric is sometimes difficult to handle and gives a disappointing result when made up. If you only want to wear the garment once or twice then cheap fabric is OK, but don't expect the same wear out of cheap stuff, than if you had paid a bit more. Take advantage of mail order firms, especially if you are living out in the country. Often the fabric is far cheaper than in a store and there is a wide variety available.



Local markets often have a fabric stall and again fabrics can be bought cheaply. Damaged or soiled materials are often sold cheaply at markets, but take care to inspect lengths carefully for flaws to see if you really have a bargain. The soft furnishing departments of stores are worth looking at for dress materials.



Some curtain prints are much more exciting than dress prints. But take note of the washing and handling advice as some furnishing materials tend to shrink or lose some of their dye when washed. Shops selling handicrafts and goods from other countries are often a good source of unusual fabrics.

Jumble sales often produce fantastic things—old curtains, evening dresses, bedspreads, which, if the fabric is in good condition, can be cut up and used successfully.

Old fashioned, collarless shirts have plenty of material in them and make up well into



smocks or play dresses for children. So do 1950's style dresses with yards of material

in the skirt. If the material is strong enough, it would do for dungarees, perhaps reinforced at the knees with leather or denim patches.



Paper Patterns

Commercial patterns have to be used if you can't make up your own. But they are expensive, so it's useful to know how to adapt patterns, so that two or three basic ones can be used to make a wide range of garments and styles. Provided care is taken to see that the pieces match each other, virtually any pattern can be used in conjunction with any other. Sleeves, collars etc can be swapped around with no difficulty.



Pressing

Pressing is an essential part of dressmaking and a simple rule to follow is: press each completed process as you go along. eg press darts before joining into seams. darts — press towards centre of garment. hem — press only up to where you have sewn *not* over as this may mark the right side of the garment.

- remove tacking and pins before pressing as they may mark the garment
- press on the *wrong* side
- pressing is not ironing! Lift the iron and press onto the required part, don't smooth to and fro

Pressing different types of fabric:

It is always useful to test a small piece of the material for its reaction to heat and moisture
Cotton — use a hot iron. Some fabrics change colour when hot, especially reds and purples, but they revert to their normal colour when cool
Linen — Use a hot iron. White or light colours may be ironed on the right side as the shine this produces is quite attractive, but darker colours are best ironed from

the wrong side.

Silk — Moderately hot iron. Silk easily water-marks so if there are some creases that are difficult to get out use a damp cloth on top of a dry one.

Most Synthetics — only a warm iron required, a hot iron will cause fabric to stick to the iron and melt or shrivel.

Woolens — Use a hot iron and a damp cloth.

Mixtures — do not over-press as this takes the freshness away from the garment.

Fitting

A great deal of time spent altering a pattern after it has been made up can be saved if the pattern is checked before the style is cut out.

Important measurements to check: (remember to measure the inside seam allowance)

Bust — a pattern allows a certain amount of ease. About 1½" is comfortable, but some people allow more. (For instance if you buy a 36" pattern it will in fact measure anything between 37½" and 39" around the bust)

Waist — allow 1" to 1½" for comfort

Hips — allow 2"

Shoulders — Unless you buy a modern styled pattern, the shoulders are often too wide, sleeves set too low. Style-new shape patterns are cut to fit closer to the body and have narrower shoulders and full sleeve heads.

Shoulder To Bust Point 5 & Shoulder To Waist — both back and front

Length — measure back from middle of neck to hem. Front from centre of shoulder, over bust to hem.

Measuring yourself can be very awkward and also inaccurate, so try and get a friend to help you out on this.



Dress Decoration

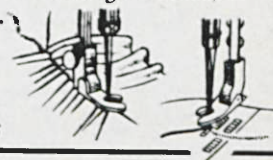
There are many ways in which you can make old or new clothes look more interesting.

- Tie and Dye. Full instruction can be obtained from Dylon Consumer Advice Bureau, Oxford Works; Worsley Bridge Road, London S.E.26.
- Drawing on to fabric: Fabricrayons (49p a packet of eight crayons) work well on nylon fabrics but tend to fade on cotton fabrics. Available from child's play and

other craft materials stockists.

c) Applique: A pattern or picture made from fabrics applied to another fabric. Best results are obtained from using a similar fabric to that of the garment.

d) Machine Embroidery: Many modern machines are able to do free or formal embroidery for decorating material, or making borders.



Evening Classes

Most adult education institutes run several classes in dressmaking in the evening and some institutes also organise classes during the day. Details of classes are available from your local library or from the education dept. of the town hall. Some classes have facilities where small children can be looked after during the day. There are classes suitable for the beginner and for the more experienced dressmaker. (Costs of classes vary according to area of the country — an example A.E.I. in Wandsworth, London is 75p per term for approx 10–11 classes)

Mail Order Firms

The following are reliable and most have a quick postal service:

Bradley Textiles Ltd: Stott Street, Nelson, Lancs. Wide selection of all types of fabric, plenty of bargains, send for catalogue.

The Needlewomen Shop: 146–148 Regent Street, London W1R 6BA Illustrated, informative catalogue. Costs 18½p and includes knitting, sewing, embroidery and crochet.

Vilene — Vilene information service, Bondina Vilene Ltd, Greetland, Halifax, Yorks. Useful booklet on types of interfacing.

J.W. Coates and Co Ltd — Albert Street Warehouse, Nelson, Lancs BB9 7EZ Some fabrics, ribbons, trimmings, threads etc. Send for catalogue.

G. Burch Fabrics — A.P. Dept. Gateway House, Gateway Street, Leics. Crimplene — send 15p P.O. for samples.

Windoplan Fabric Division — PAC3, PO Box 21, Rothay St, Leigh, Lancs. Free samples.

Books on dressmaking

Ideas for Machine Embroidery — by Enid Mason (£1.25)

Inspiration for Embroidery — Constance Howard (£3.50)

Design in Fabric and Thread — Eileen Murray (75p)

Creative Swing Sewing (Singer) from Educational Department, Singer Sewing Machine Co. Ltd, Singer Building, 1 City Road, EC1.

Tie and Dye — made easy Anne Maile (£2.50)

Introducing Batik Evelyn Samuel (£1.80)



This advertisement exploits women.



Loggins and Messina
CBS 65194



A Good Feelin'
To Know
Epic 65126



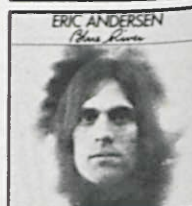
Naked Songs
CBS 65193



Painted Head
CBS 65209



Crazy Horse
At Crooked Lake
Epic 65223



"Blue River"
CBS 65145



Epic Records are marketed by CBS

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Matrimonial law reform
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Available from:

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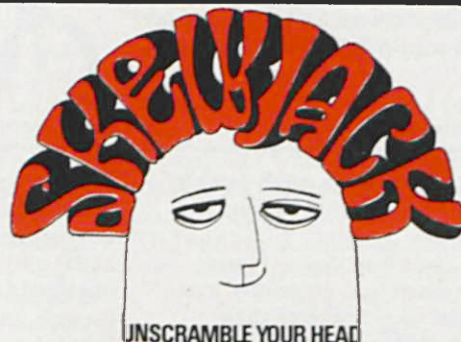
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U.K. 50p



PALADIN

LOVE BETWEEN WOMEN

Charlotte Wolff M.D.

Love between Women, written by a psychiatrist, is the first authoritative book to have been published wholly devoted to the subject of female homosexuality. It is based on the author's detailed statistical research but is so presented that it can be read not only by those with medical knowledge but also by the general reader. After examining the psychological theories that try to account for lesbianism (and providing an interesting theory of her own), the author describes the main characteristics of lesbians, their social and other problems, and the organisations that exist to help them. The book ends with three brief unedited lesbian autobiographies followed by the author's comments.

Paper £1.25s Cloth £2.50s

GERALD DUCKWORTH & CO. LTD.

Women, Resistance and Revolution

Sheila Rowbotham

The purpose of Sheila Rowbotham's book is to force a re-examination of the existing relationship between women's liberation and the revolutionary left in the light of the past. She traces the feminist awakening in religious heresy, in puritanism and in the ideal of natural rights. In the context of the French Revolution she considers the ideas and influence of the isolated feminist writers like Madame de Staël, Mary Wollstonecraft, Flora Tristan and Margaret Fuller. She gives an account of the connection made by Marx and Engels between the exploitation of the working class and the oppression of women, and describes the position of women today, in the Russian and Chinese revolutions, and in the countries of the Third World. *Women, Resistance and Revolution* provides an important contribution towards the understanding of the impossibility of liberating humanity while ignoring the specific oppression of half the human race – women.

£2.95

Allen Lane



Beetroot Soup

1 lb mixed root vegetables (parsnips, turnips, carrots)

½ lb onions

2 lbs beetroot

4 pints water or better, stock

Yoghurt

Peel and chop the mixed vegetables, and the onions, and tip all into the boiling liquid. Simmer everything for about 20 minutes. Chop the peeled beetroot and add it to the rest, simmer for a further ½ hour. Strain soup through a sieve (leaving vegetables behind), taste to see if there's enough salt and pepper—a little sugar is a good idea—and serve the resulting ruby broth with dollops of yoghurt.

If you too have been conned into paying too much for leeks sold by the pound and weighed down by great leathery leaves, don't despair, but go out and buy two ordinary frozen supermarket chickens (needless to say, go for the cheapest and don't use M & S good quality fresh ones, those are better roasted). When these have defrosted, make:

Soup and Chicken

Separate the white stem from green leaves on each leek and wash all thoroughly. Chop the leaves and throw into a large pot containing also the chicken giblets, parsley, bayleaf, celery and carrots; add 3 pints water, season with salt and pepper and simmer for about ½ an hour. At this stage, add the chickens and cook until tender—this depends on the quality of the chicken but is usually about ¾ of an hour. Then remove the flavouring herbs, vegetables and giblets and substitute these with the white leek stems, sliced in half lengthways, and 1 lb best, fat California prunes. Go on cooking for 20 minutes or so until the leeks are soft but not squashy. Serve broth first with lots of fresh chopped parsley and wholemeal bread. Then bring on the chickens garnished with leeks, prunes and floury potatoes (see the Potato Marketing Board's jolly, free, wall-chart available of course, from your local PMB, address in the 'phone book). The potatoes should be boiled in their skins and accompanied by a lump of butter and the salt and pepper mills. This whole recipe takes 1½ hours from start to finish (discount time for defrosting chicken), and can be done in easy stages i.e. Broth stage one evening, chicken and prune stage the following evening.

Any leftover chicken can be made into this Afghanistan-ish pilaff:

Cumberland Pilaf

Leftover chicken

Oil

Butter

Rice

Water

Salt, pepper, turmeric, coriander and allspice, bayleaves, garlic, orange peel, sultanas, shallots and a few almonds

Put 2 tablespoons olive oil in a large, heavy pan. Tip in 1 dessertspoon turmeric and 2 chopped cloves garlic. Stir it about and add 4 cups Basmati rice (the cheapest way to buy it is loose from an Indian grocer, when you buy the spices), which has previously been washed in lots of cold

Scrap Ends and Oddments

by Caro Hingston
photo: Valerie Santagto

*Now that we are really
part of Europe, it's no
good hoping that our
food prices won't
eventually reach
European heights. (This
would be OK if our
wine prices sank to
European depths, but
that seems unlikely).
So, to save money here
are some ideas for
cheap hot food; some
of the meals can be
made from the left
overs of yesterdays
lunch. All recipes feed
10 and can be halved
and quartered successfully.*

water. When the rice is all yellow and garlicky, add 8 cups of water, 2 bayleaves and 3 teasps. of salt. Boil the water away until the rice is pitted with little holes, put an asbestos mat under the pan, lower the heat to almost nothing, put a folded cloth between pan and lid and leave absolutely alone for ½ an hour. Meanwhile, cook chicken, shallots, orange peel, sultanas and almonds in butter for the same length of time, seasoning with salt and spices. Mix rice and meat mixture and put the lot on to a warm dish which shows off the sunflower colour. Eat with mango chutney.

Vegetables are monotonous at this time of year, but here is one way of cheering up Brussels Sprouts:

Sprouts and Chestnuts

3 lbs sprouts

about 18 chestnuts

Butter, small amount of cream, nutmeg and black pepper.

Get small sprouts every time, they're worth the trouble and you can always do them while watching telly. Take off outside leaves, cut a cross on the stalk of each, put into a colander and run cold water over them. Cut a slit in the shell of each chestnut and put them into boiling water for about 10 minutes, the skins will come off easily. Boil sprouts for about 12 minutes, drain them and put them back in the saucepan with the chopped chestnuts, butter and as much cream as you can. Add nutmeg, and pepper and eat as a course on its own with good bread.

Beans and Celery

1½ lbs haricot beans

Water

Bayleaf, carrot, onion

Few sticks celery

Butter and parsley

The quickest way to deal with these beans is not to soak them overnight, but put them in a saucepan and cover them with water—NO salt. Bring them to the boil, take them off heat and leave them, well-lidded, for about 45 minutes. Drain them, put them back in the pan with fresh water, bayleaf, carrot and onion but still NO salt. Simmer until they're soft. Cut celery into chunks and cook it for a few minutes in butter, keeping it crisp. Stir this and parsley, lots of salt and pepper, into the cooked and drained beans.

Proper puddings are cheering on wet cold days; here are two cheap and attractively fattening ones.

Marmelade Tart

Shortcrust pastry (frozen is easiest)

1 lb bitter marmelade

4 eggs

Line two flan tins with pastry, prick bases with a fork, line with paper and beans and cook them in a hot oven for 15 mins. Take out the paper and beans and put the tins back in the oven to cook the rest of the pastry. Take them out after about 10 mins and lower oven heat to moderate, while you mix the marmelade with the beaten eggs. Pour this mixture into the cases and cook for ½ an hour. Eat lukewarm with cream.

The idea for this next pudding came when I first bought Roasta-bags (those things which make washing-up non-existent; they're available at W.H. Smiths and most supermarkets).

Bag Pudding

12 ozs breadcrumbs

4 ozs dried mixed fruit, & nuts

4 ozs butter cut in pieces

¼ pint of milk

6 ozs dark brown sugar

Mix all the ingredients together, pour into one (or two) of the bags, fasten the necks loosely, put straight onto the bars of a moderate oven and cook for ½ an hour. Turn out onto a plate and eat hot with cream and more brown sugar.

Thermos Yoghurt

Buy a pot of your favourite plain yoghurt.

Take 1 tablespoon from 1 pint of milk, and 1 tablespoon of yoghurt and mix them. Boil the rest of the milk, simmer while counting 200, let it cool until you can bear the tip of your finger in it while counting 10. After all this counting, pour the tepid milk onto the mixture, stirring all the time. Pour the lot into the Thermos, screw the top on tightly and leave overnight. If you want delicious cheese, leave the yoghurt in the Thermos for about 2 days, then add salt and any herbs you like to it.

Lastly, if you have difficulty in making yoghurt because your room is too hot or too cold and you haven't a spare towel to wrap it in, ditch that cumbersome method altogether and use a Thermos instead. A pint-sized flask is cheap at Boots.



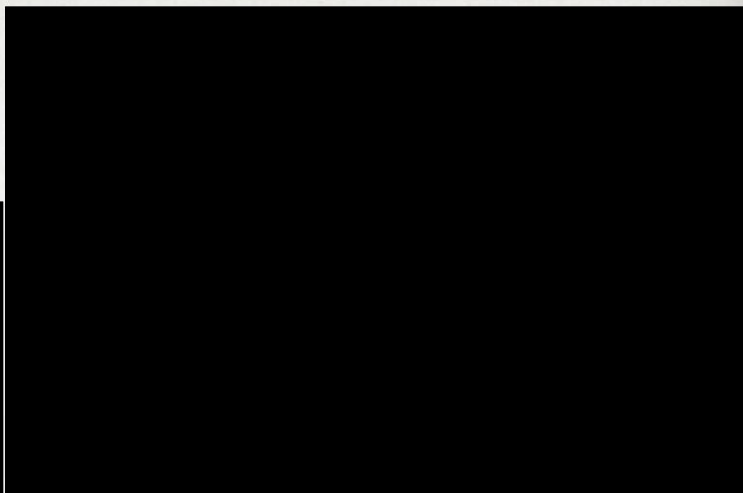
CHINA

the system of gifts in marriage.

There are no institutional barriers to the full equality of women and men: but traditional ways of thinking about women, and by women about their own lives, cannot be uprooted in 20 years. This is shown in the fact that women are rarely represented on the Revolutionary Committees, in say, the factories, in proportion to their numbers on the shop floor. The exception to this was Wuxi, No 1 state owned silk factory, where 80% of the work force, and 16 of the 20 Committee Members were women. The explanation for this was a historical one. Run by women and child labour before the Revolution the Committee had a long history of militancy, striking in 1932, 43, 47, and 48. The women from this factory often go to discuss with other women workers how to organise as revolutionary women.

Before the Great Proleterian Cultural Revolution, the Women's Federation, a National organisation, had become over concerned with economic welfare measures. A development in line with the growth of a technocracy, the introduction of material incentives and the stifling of workers' initiative, which were the results of Liu Shao Chi's ideas spreading within the party. The Women's Federation thus came under fire during the Cultural Revolution, and as a functioning national organisation has been temporarily disbanded. In its place there are grass roots organisations for women in every level of society. Their aim is to help women become more politically conscious. Comrade Sung is one of the members of the seven strong 'Conference of Representatives of Women' in Tachai. They are elected by all the women in the village and can be recalled at any time. Their work includes organising study groups and encouraging women to go out to work. The spirit of these organisations all over China is one of raising women's consciousness's. The form differs; but in a society

where political consciousness is the motive force of change the heightening of women's consciousness's is the key to their achieving full equality with men.



SPARE PARTS

What are you standing on ?

.. your feet, socks, head ? Maybe, but it is quite likely that it's the floor underneath that - Apart from when it trips us up, we lose something down a crack, or we toss another rug on to it, we rarely do anything to it. It is always the walls that get the attention. This issue we start considering floors, with my favorite: wood.

floorboards

New wooden floors need only a light sanding, and cleaning with white spirit before rewaxing or varnishing. But older floors will need a lot of determination.

HIRE SANDERS
You can look up Hire shops or firms in the Yellow Pages, or you can enquire at a large hardware store or firm of interior decorators. Phone around for different prices, and ask awkward questions, such as: How often is the machine serviced, do they deliver, is there a guarantee?.. This will lessen the chance of getting a dud machine. When you go along, check the machine, get them to show you how it works, and, if possible try it out yourself. While you are there buy extra sanding strips or discs, and practise changing them. They must lay flat and TIGHT on the drum. You will need a big sander with a dust sack at the back. These are far better than the small hand-machines that burn out fairly quickly on a large floor. You will also need a small edging machine for the awkward corners.

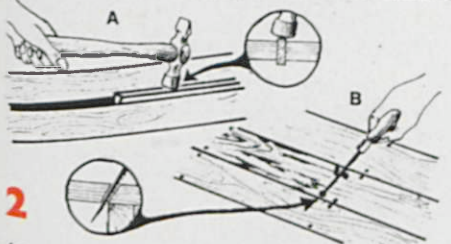
COST
The prices vary with the machines and the firms, but vary from £1.50 to £4.50 a day or £5 to £10 per week. You will also need sandpaper, white spirit, varnish, or stain, or paint. Hire your sander from the day you are actually going to be using it.. You have a lot of preparatory work to do, and must be prepared to entirely clear out & not use the rooms in question for 4 to 6 days

1. Clear out the room.. otherwise, for months after dust will be seeping from books, clothes, curtains ect. If the floor is very greasy, scrub it with soap and rinse thoroughly. If painted, remove the worst with paint stripper, wash & rinse, and leave to dry. (Both grease and paint clog up the sandpaper and you then spend every two minutes changing it.)



CHECK ALL FLOORBOARDS.

2. If any are rotten, they must come out and be replaced. If just worn and pitted they could be taken out and turned over. To cut out a bad patch, locate the joists under the floor (by finding the lines of nail heads) Drill two holes at an angle through the board, just to the side of the joist. Insert a keyhole saw and cut across.



(Fig 2B) Then lever the board off the joists as far as necessary and cut it off as in Fig 1, leaving the end of the old board resting up to the center of a joist

with room for the new board to rest on the same joist and be nailed down. If you have trouble levering up the boards, hammer the nails through the board into the joist by using a nail punch or just another nail. If the boards are tongue-and-grooved, saw down along the edge of the board to chop off the bit holding it in. If replacing it with a straight edged board, cut down both sides. Attach the new bit of board with 2" to 2½" flooring brads (neater than nails) But if you might need to lift the board at any time (ie: to get at wiring, gas-pipes ect) then use screws. If any of the boards lie too low, then lift them & insert a thin slip of wood between it and the joist to raise it exactly to the level of the other boards. If there are gaps between the boards, either fill them with plastic wood, or insert thin lathes of wood (Fig 2A) These must be coated with a wood glue and hammered into the gaps, then planed off level.

NO PROTRUDING NAILS

3. Methodically work your way up and down the floor punching down any noticeable nail heads, as these will rip your sandpaper to pieces.

WARN YOUR NEIGHBOURS

4. The sanders make a fearful racket, so do mention it to your neighbours before you start. Sawdust gets everywhere, so seal any cupboards with paper, remove as much as possible from the room and protect yourself too, with a gauze face mask, scarf and old clothes! The sanding itself is fairly easy.. it's the preparation and the noise that is really exhausting. (Use cotton wool in your ears too!)

FLOORS

SANDING

5. Using the big sander first, with the coarsest sandpaper, run it up and down the boards getting off the worst and making it even. Then use the edger for little dips, corners and edges. Go easy with this as it gets very hot. Then go over the whole floor again with the large one with a finer sandpaper for as long as your ears can take it... If you have other rooms to do, then go out and SHUT THE DOOR, to keep the floor untrod and allow the dust to settle.

STAINING, WAXING, VARNISHING.

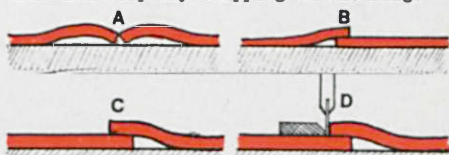
6. Get all your sanding done in the whole flat/house before varnishing as you don't want dust flying about over sticky floors. You can stain and polish, stain and varnish or, if you must, paint the floors. Floor paints are not as durable as a varnish & obliterate all that beautiful wood grain. There will be sawdust along picture rails, shelves ect. So dust thoroughly, allow it to settle and dust again. If staining first work quickly and smoothly along the boards, using a cloth pad or brush. Work along one or two boards at a time, retreating towards the door. Be careful to put your pot of stain on some paper, as drips will soak in fast and leave darker patches.

When the stain is dry you can wax or varnish. Don't try to wax unless you have or can borrow a polisher as elbow grease just isn't sufficient. Wax and polish as many times as you have the energy to do. You can buy an 'all-in-one' stain & varnish that cuts down the work considerably. (FURNIGLAS PUI5 comes in clear and wood shades. Dries in 1 to 6 hrs) If you want a mirror finish, sandpaper lightly between coats. Whichever varnish you use, read the instructions carefully, sometimes thinning down the first coat with white spirit. Let it dry, then do at least three more coats and more if you can bear it... especially in places such as halls where there is a lot of traffic. Don't be impatient and put on another coat before the previous layer has dried, or you can undo all the hard work and perseverance of the last few days.

laying lino

Measure the room accurately, make a diagram and take it with you to the shop, as lino comes in many different widths & lengths. The floor must be FLAT, DRY, and not have any protruding nails or large cracks. In some cases a layer of newspaper or bituminous felt compensates for unevenness. A special hooked LINO knife is best for cutting, but a STANLEY knife will do. A metal straight edge (a long metal ruler) is very useful for cutting the straight lines.

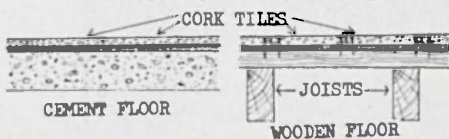
If traffic is likely to be heavy, as in halls and kitchens, secure the lino with an adhesive as this will give it a longer life and stop any slipping or buckling.



When you lay your lino you must let the edges overlap (B) or it will begin to buckle (A) after a few weeks, due to spreading. Leave it overlapped until it has settled, then lift the underneath edge and lay it on top (C) and cut off the scuffed overlap (D) to make a neat butt joint, with a metal straight edge & sharp Stanley or Lino knife.

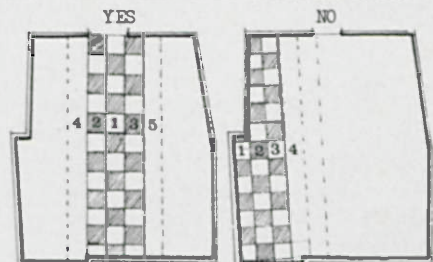
laying tiles

With all tiles, the manufacturer will recommend a certain type of adhesive, and method of laying. Lino tiles are quiet and not unduly slippery. Cork tiles are quiet and warm, and wear well, especially if varnished or waxed well to prevent them from absorbing damp and anything spilled.



When laid on wood, a felt underlay can be used and the tiles pinned through at the corners. On concrete, a cement screed should be laid first and the tiles secured with a bituminous adhesive. Other tiles such as rubber, vinyl, thermoplastic ect will all come with their own instructions, but with all of them you must have a FLAT, DRY, CLEAN surface to lay them on

HOW TO LAY TILES IN AN IRREGULAR ROOM.



With careful measuring with strings and chalk, locate the center of the room and draw a line right across. Although it should not be necessary if you have measured correctly, I have found it safer to lay down all my tiles (without the glue) right up to the edges, but leaving out any that will need cutting. Then, taking up one row and stacking it on the next one, put down your adhesive, lay the tiles and start on the next row.

In future issues of SPARE PARTS I will be dealing with damp uneven concrete floors, laying a hardboard covering (This can look terrific) and carpet laying.. and anything else that crops up to do with floors. Happy 'flooring'.. and let me know how you get on, and if there are any special problems.

Stephanie Gilbert.

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by April 9th

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26	Six music reviews	Hepworth, Nicky	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Six music reviews. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
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28	A room of One's Own and The Second Sex and The Feminine Mystique	Wandor, Michelene	Usage Terms: © Michelene Wandor
28	Betty Friedan	Norton	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Betty Friedan. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
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29	Juliet Mitchell		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Juliet Mitchell. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
30	woman on the stairs in leaf print dress	Perry, Roger	Usage Terms: © Estate of Roger Perry
32	Stitchy Fingers	Sampson, Ellie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Stitchy Fingers. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
32	several old style illustrations relating to dress making and fashion		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for several old style illustrations relating to dress making and fashion. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
33	Stitchy Fingers	Sampson, Ellie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Stitchy Fingers. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information

			you have regarding this item.
33	several old style illustrations relating to dress making and fashion		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for several old style illustrations relating to dress making and fashion. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
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37	fruit and veg	Santagto, Valerie	Usage Terms: © Valerie Santagto. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
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